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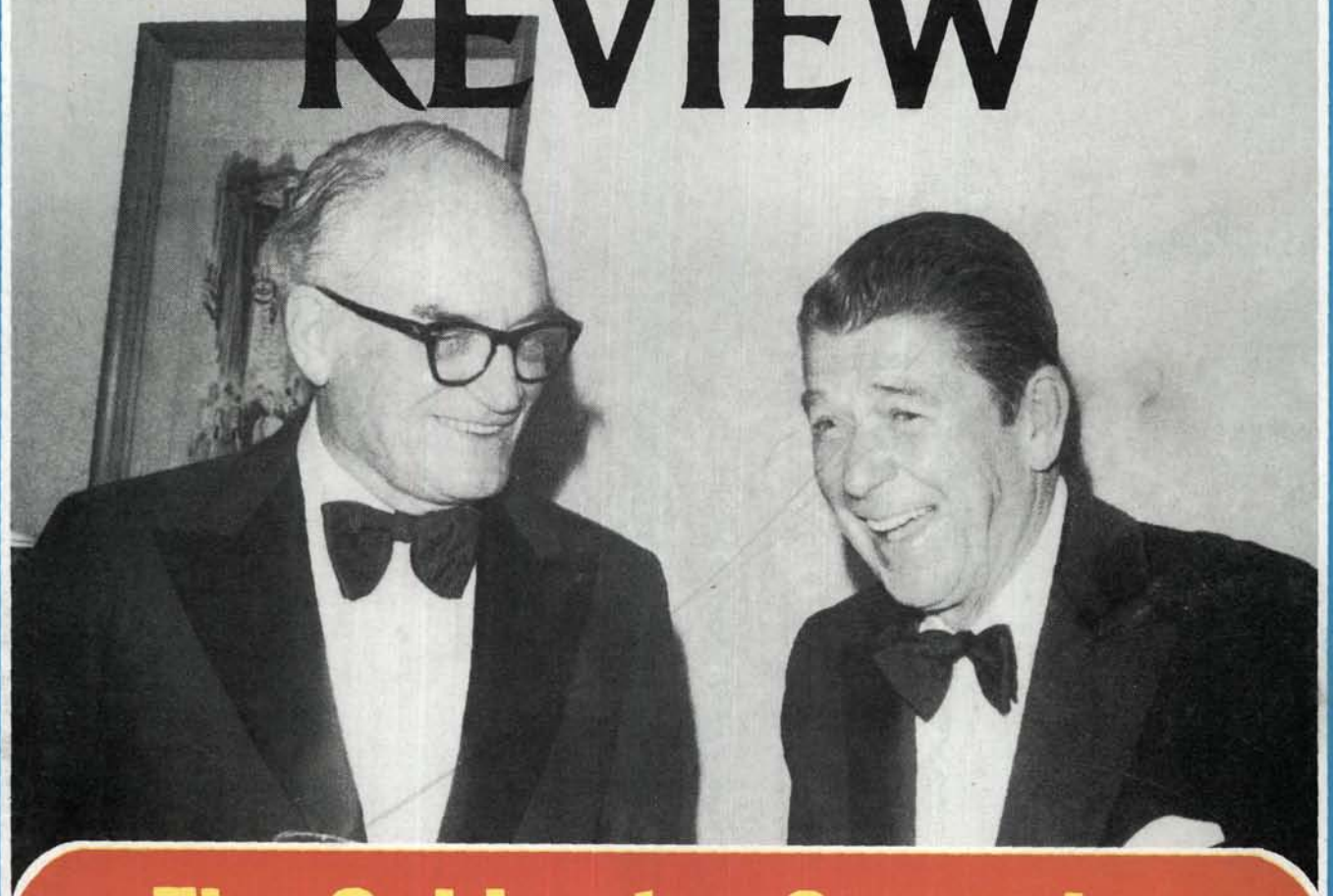

The Goldwater Campaign AND THE Reagan Campaign— The Difference

by James Jackson Kilpatrick

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Senator John Tower reviews Senator James L. B[illegible] artin on Christianity a[illegible], Bakshian

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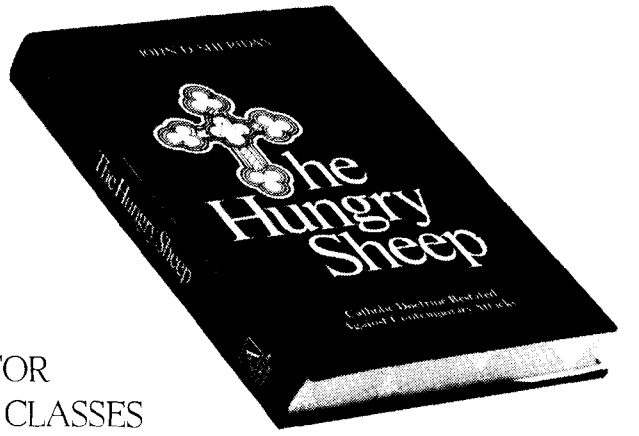
SHOULD AULD AQUINAS BE FORGOT?



Irish writer shows how the old Catholic faith can stand up—nicely—against contemporary attacks (both within and outside the Church).

"Simple faith is all very well," writes Irish novelist John Sheridan, "but it takes a heavy battering in days when attacks come from within the Church as well as from without." So Mr. Sheridan sets out to show today's Catholic "the reasons for the faith that is in him." He first reviews the questions that divide all believers (not only Catholics) from agnostics and atheists: the roots of knowledge, the reality of man's spiritual soul, original sin, man's special creation, the existence of God, the moral law, free will, the problem of evil. Next he probes the positions that divide Catholics and other Christians from most of their fellow men: the divinity of Christ, the cult of sensuality, the horrors of abortion, "kneeling before the world," and the four last things: death, judgment, heaven and hell. Finally, Mr. Sheridan explores the unique Catholic stance on the primacy of Peter, Church authority, contraception, and the place of Mary.

Whatever the issue, old or new, John Sheridan throws fresh light on it. With a keen mind and a graceful pen, he has produced that rare book on religion, one that can enlighten everyone from a high school student to a mature clergyman. Though mainly for Catholics, this lucid volume tells interested non-Catholics what the Church *still* believes —and why.

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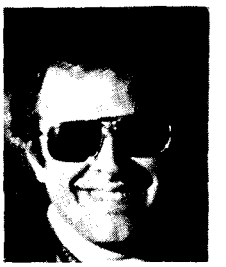

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Letters

20: The Party

A funny thing happened to me on the way to your "Twentieth" festivities on November 17—I needed an emergency operation and had to miss the party.

Having just read your outstanding twentieth anniversary issue, I am now aware of what I missed!

In any case, all congratulations. I just hope that I'll be invited to your 25th.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH C. LAWLER
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I had a marvelous time at the *NR* anniversary celebration. I have never been in one room with so many talented and distinguished people. Seeing Senator Goldwater again was a rare treat and, of course, meeting and listening to Governor Reagan for the first time. I thought him eloquent and modest, and I predict that he will go far indeed in the race.

Charlottesville, Va. DANTE GERMINO
University of Virginia

It was in all respects a gala, an evening long to be remembered. James Buckley was charmingly humorous; all of the speakers were excellent. Mr. Kilpatrick outdid himself with his verse; we keep hoping it will be printed eventually for all to read. Mr. Moynihan, seated at the table next to ours, was a picture of complete enjoyment throughout the dinner.

Yonkers, N.Y. VINCENT A. CARBERRY
Precision Valve Corporation

What a splendid evening. I even made "Suzy's" column in the aftermath.

New York, N.Y. DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

Belated birthday greetings to both yourself and your magazine. May the latter prosper as well as the former seems to.

San Francisco, Calif. MIKE BROWN
San Francisco Chronicle

Contrasted with the much less spontaneous effervescence of 1965, one sees how far *NR* has come. The program was nicely judged: inspirational speeches taken as read, appropriate but not overlong words from the movers and shakers, festive emphasis on wonders like David Frye. And Kilpatrick made a dandy MC.

I managed a brief encounter with Keith Mano, and made contact (at long last) with Nika Hazelton, of whom we hope to see more.

Baltimore, Md. HUGH KENNER
Johns Hopkins University

The party was a smash! Ruth and I stayed until the bitter end, although that was the best part. Thanks for inviting us and for putting us at the distinguished "Pariah Table." We were a critical mass before the evening was over. There is an old theory that one should vote with the Liberals and dine with the Tories. That's a pretty good saw.

Riverdale, N.Y. FRED W. FRIENDLY
Ford Foundation

Monday night was certainly an inspiring and memorable occasion. Lo and behold, NATIONAL REVIEW begat the modern conservative movement in America. Not bad.

New York, N.Y. J. DANIEL MAHONEY
Chairman
New York State Conservative Party

I thought you had given Mr. Oakeshott the Hollywood treatment, but his mind, his diction, his insight are all you said they were.

Please don't fail to issue reprints. I want a batch and I believe thousands of others will.

Panama City, Fla. JAMES S. POPE

I wish to add my sincere congratulations and best wishes on the twenty-year survival of NATIONAL REVIEW. Long life to it, say I, and to its founder. Now if your good journal could contrive to get Jackson as the Democratic candidate and Reagan as the Republican, so that we would be guaranteed that the country would rid itself of the detente illusion, I could rest easy on election day.

Stanford, Calif. BERTRAM D. WOLFE
Hoover Institution

Buckley's speech struck a nerve in regard

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to big business. I hope Reagan, as a central theme of his campaign, distinguishes between our support for the business and financial community as the context in which political freedom thrives best, and support for big business per se. Well reasoned attacks against government subsidies to business (of various kinds, not just loans) and against monopolies (not just bigness) might give a useful dimension to his campaign.

New York, N.Y. DINO PIONZIO

Thank you for inviting me to the splendid and most civilized festivity to celebrate NATIONAL REVIEW's twentieth. I enjoyed the whole affair greatly, and quite apart from the excellent arrangements the speeches were very fine and the people seemed to represent the best New York can offer.

New York, N.Y. PETER GLENVILLE

You have not just carried the torch, you have made it fashionable for millions of others to do so too.

With the foundations of the West crumbling around us, getting closer and closer to "the last chance," *NR* keeps plugging up the holes, but more importantly keeps alive the vision which, let's face it, is our only hope.

Before I get maudlin let me wish you in the next twenty the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of the West (see how selfish I am) to which *NR* has contributed so much.

Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J. DAVID P. STUHR

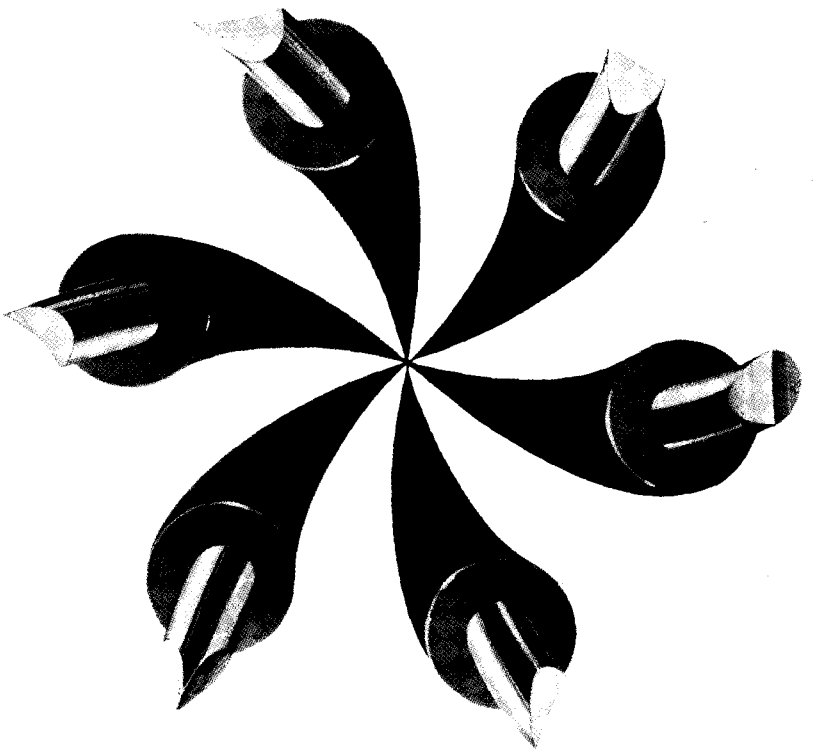
20: The Issue

Where to start in the mammoth twentieth anniversary issue? I couldn't make it to New York to hear Michael Oakeshott, so his essay attracts; but getting there I run across some pictures, start browsing in and among them; curiosity draws me to the George Nash book with its photos of old friends of *NR*'s—and mine—Kendall, Weaver, Meyer, Bozell. Then there's the Harriet Van Horn (*sic*) parody, the inside stories: enough here for many a long winter's night. As a long-time and often querulous reader—I loathed what you said during the Watergate years—I find nothing to carp about in this issue. And that may be a first for this irascible but devoted reader, who bought his first copy of *NR* during the Nixon-Kennedy election.

Torrance, Calif. JONAS BENNINGTON

I don't want to be overly effusive, but I must say, your twentieth anniversary issue is the most impressive magazine that has ever passed through my hands. So far, I've only had time to glance through it and read an article here and there. Jeffrey Hart's book round-up was a joy to read ("You really cannot say, 'Begin at the beginning, where our bankrupt educational system ought to have begun you a dozen years ago' "), and it provided exactly the kind of list that young would-be conserva-

Handling an unmarked wire is Russian Roulette



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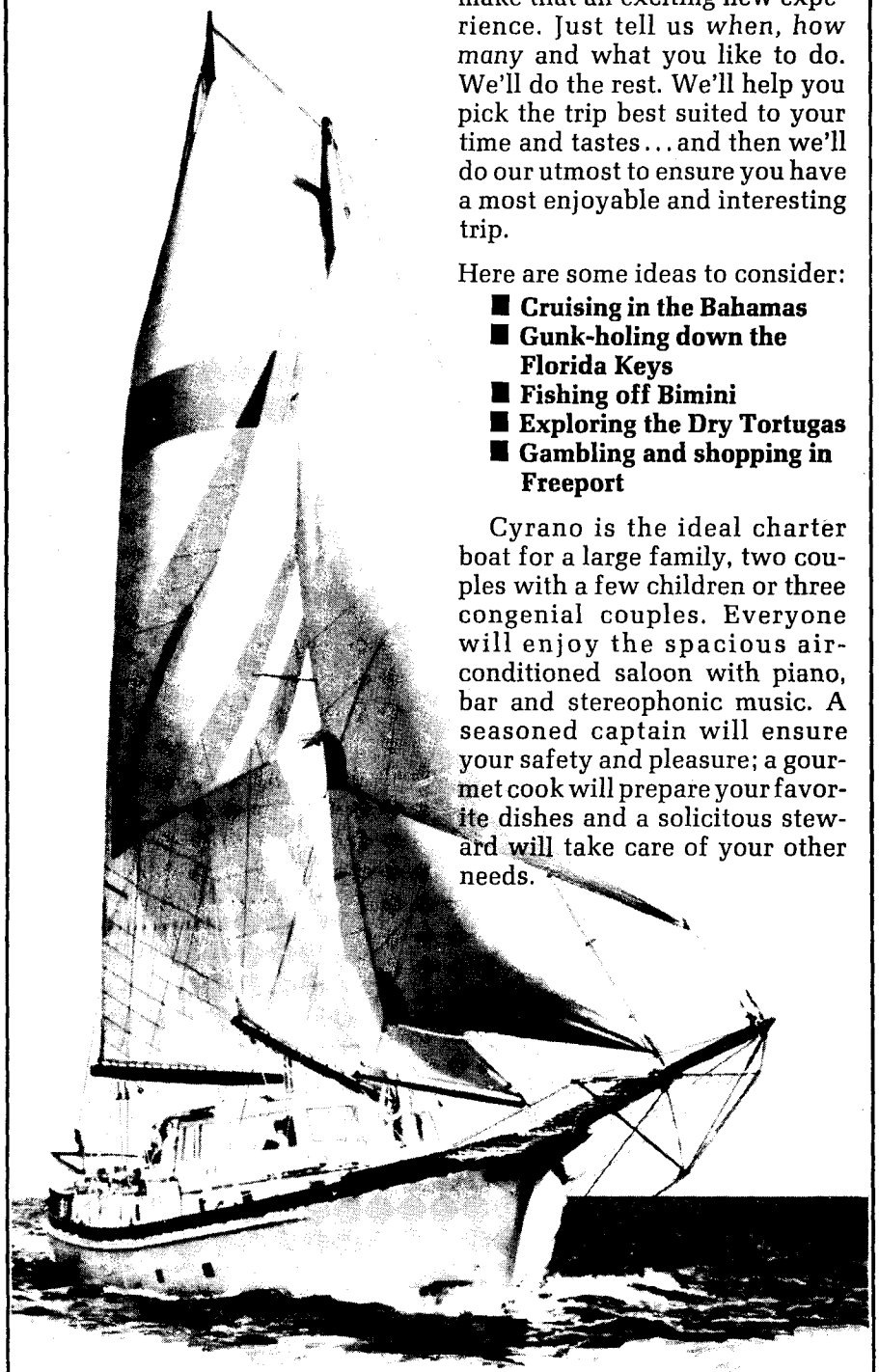

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tives are constantly asking you for—to your embarrassment, when you cannot supply one.

Priscilla Buckley's "Notes on a Twentieth Anniversary" was, as her quinquennial articles always are, delightful. (By the way, the photograph of Linda Bridges' office bears out Miss Buckley's description of same; but why no photograph of Joe Sobran's office? Couldn't the photographer get in?)

Finally, I started the Oakeshott piece with some trepidation, my political philosophy being, as they say, a bit rusty. To my amazement, not only was it perfectly lucid, but once the lungs accustomed themselves to that clear and abstract air, it was full of little Alpine delights: his reference to "King-shaped offices"; "We who (if I may presume) are disposed to elect for a state as a civil association . . ."; his closing story about the porcupines.

Denver, Colo. AMANDA CLARK

Professor Eric Voegelin's "crack" to Karl A. Wittfogel ["For the Record," p. 1360] appears in English in *The Ecumenic Age* as a warning to those who would endorse unequivocally the Zionist background of twentieth century Israel. Apparently, Ambassador Moynihan is undecided as to the immanence of the eschaton.

With deepest sympathy on the occasion of the loss of "Cato," distinctly a man among men, and with warmest regards to you who remain,

Ambler, Pa. JOSEPH PAUL MORRIS JR.

Mares and Modernists

As a quondam contributor I want to stay on the right side of Priscilla Buckley—and, since I am not sure of the psychology of the thing, I'll take no chances. So I write anonymously to point out that her use of *mare's nest* ["Notes on a Twentieth Anniversary," Dec. 5] is a "popular" error. She means, one supposes, rat's nest. Or some such thing. If Sobran's office *were* a mare's nest it wouldn't be there at all.

New York, N.Y. ANONYMOUS

Webster's Seventh Collegiate: *mare's nest "2. a place, condition, or situation of great disorder or confusion."* —PLB

Webster's Seventh *is indulging in rank modernism—see the* OED, Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, *or my 1943* Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary: A Library of Essential Knowledge. —LB

Erratum

In its issue of September 12, NR *published an article entitled "Ralph Nader and the Terrible Ten," by Dr. Thomas H. Jukes. In that article an organization called the Center for Science in the Public Interest was erroneously described as "Ralph Nader's." In fact, Mr. Nader is not connected with CSPI, which was founded by Mr.*

(Continues on page 1452)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Howard Callaway**, head of **Gerald Ford**'s campaign committee, says he's not scared of the big bad wolf. He predicts a Ford win in the New Hampshire and Florida primaries and says if **Ronald Reagan** can't "win in his best states how's he going to win in his worst?" . . . But others see it differently. **Connie Armitage**, head of the 400,000-member National Federation of Republican Women, has come out for Reagan; says she'll take a post on his campaign staff in January. . . . Recent **Field poll** in California shows Reagan making headway against Ford among people who characterize themselves as "moderates" and "liberals." Among these voters, Reagan has come up from 31 per cent in August to 43 per cent in November; Ford has dropped in same period from 68 per cent to 55 per cent. . . . And Ford could be in bad trouble in South where the recently enacted energy bill and the Common Situs picketing bill are very unpopular. Sen. **John Tower**, important to Ford as head of a conservative power group on the Hill, says he will have to "rethink" his support of Ford if Ford doesn't veto both bills. . . . Congressman **Lou Frey** says Ford might just as well "write off" Florida unless he vetoes the labor bill, and indicates he (Frey) might resign from the Ford campaign in Florida if Common Situs becomes law.

■ Complicating the picture: the proliferation of possible third parties and their presidential hopefuls. **Eugene McCarthy** is always campaigning on a third-party ticket, as are Dr. **Benjamin Spock** and his *New Politics* group. . . . Sen. **Charles Mathias** (R., Md.), cold-shouldered by GOP liberals when he mentioned a Republican primary race against Ford, now talks about heading a third party. . . . **John Connally** hints in the *Conservative Digest* that he might be available to head a new party if neither the Republicans nor the

Punch Rothco

"Easy on the Ho, Ho, Ho's, Owen—we don't want you to peak too soon!"

Democrats "are on a course that would tend to best serve the nation." . . . And **Ron Daniels** of the National Black Political Assembly says his group intends to field a presidential slate at its national convention in Cincinnati in March. Possible candidates: Rep. **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.), civil rights activist **Dick Gregory**, Georgia State Senator **Julian Bond**, Gary Indiana Mayor **Richard Hatcher**. . . . Not mentioned: Congresswoman **Barbara Jordan** (D., Tex.) who, when asked if she'd be interested in being a Supreme Court Justice, said no, she hoped to appoint one by and by. . . . And there's always **George Wallace**.

■ Among the Democrats: In Sacramento there are reports that should the Democrats still be bunched by June, Gov. **Jerry Brown** might toss his hat into the California primary. . . . In Texas, **Phil Gramm**, the Texas A&M professor who is running against Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** in the Democratic primary, is reported making headway: Texans were sore that Bentsen was out of town and failed to vote on an antibusing amendment in the Senate. . . . Big Labor's official probusing stand, incidentally, being assailed by rank and file. The Massachusetts State Labor Council has been ordered by **George Meany** to drop its formal opposition to compulsory busing or face disciplinary measures. . . . At recent **AFL-CIO** convention an antibusing resolution by Kentucky union officials was beaten back, but not without a fight. . . . In Detroit **Donald Fraser**, vice president of the United Auto Workers, says his union is rethinking its stand on busing.

■ How the polls see it: An Australian poll ten days before the general election showed **Malcolm Fraser**'s Liberal-Country coalition (conservative) leading **Gough Whitlam**'s Labor Party 54 to 46 per cent. . . . In Britain, the *Daily Telegraph* indicates the man and woman most admired by the British people are former Tory leader **Edward Heath**, present Tory leader **Margaret Thatcher**. (**Henry Kissinger** placed right after Heath.) . . . A recent Italian poll shows Communist Party leader **Enrico Berlinguer** the single most popular politician in the country; a later poll showed that if elections were held today the Communist Party would outpoll the ruling Christian Democrats.

■ There can be only one conclusion: the nation's **teenagers** are not reading the nation's press or listening to the nation's radio and TV commentators. Polled on the question: Who has made the greatest contribution to the world?, the nation's teenagers came up with (in the Number Three slot)—**Richard M. Nixon** (right behind Henry Kissinger and **John F. Kennedy**).

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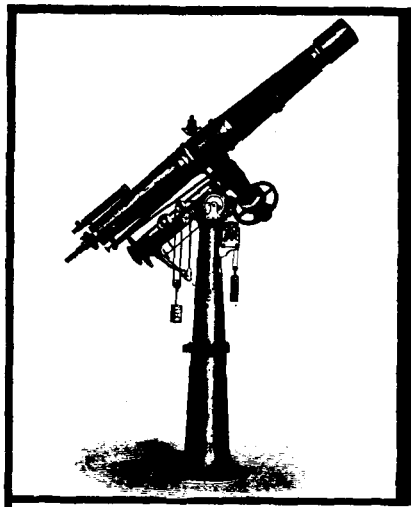

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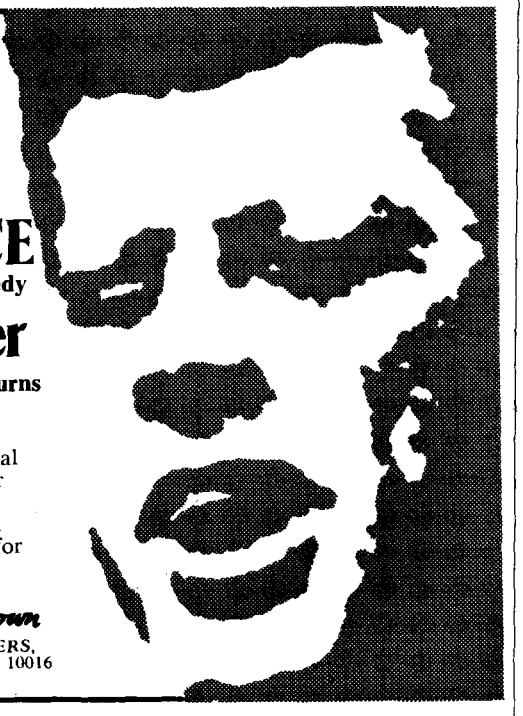

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1450)

Michael Jacobson—who once worked for Mr. Nader at the latter's Center for the Study of Responsive Law. We regret the confusion of centers. —ED.

Newspaper Network

In his column printed in the November 7 NATIONAL REVIEW, Mr. Buckley discussed the "Dilemma in Washington." As a composing room employee of the *Post*, I am aware of a major trend which is about to change the nature of our nation's daily newspapers.

With a major assist from the ubiquitous computer, large dailies should be able to do away with their composing room operations entirely. Already, many reporters have had their typewriters replaced by "terminals" that allow them to store and edit their copy in the computer, bypassing the basic typesetting process.

Currently being developed are computer programs that would allow photographs and prepared ads to be scanned and stored in the computers. Then the entire paper can be made up on TV screens, with high-speed composing equipment churning out whole pages ready to print.

This technology would make it possible to connect scores of editorial/advertising offices with one satellite printing plant which, working around the clock, could then produce scores of entirely different papers. (Most papers, by comparison, currently use their presses only a few hours a day, unless they do outside work.)

By strategically locating its printing plants (I estimate that it would take only three to serve the Boston-to-Washington megalopolis), a company could then establish a newspaper "network" similar to what we already have with television. But setting up a newspaper "network" would be as expensive as starting a TV network. If you think the TV news oligopoly is bad, think of what a daily newspaper oligopoly would be like. By the way: the *Post* has left no doubts that it wants to be the first such "newspaper network."

Arlington, Va. SCOTT CUSTIN

Embracing the Lion

Even Ernest van den Haag's surefooted logic will not suffice where there is not ground on which to stand ["Coalition in Italy," Nov. 7].

The Communist Party's presence in the government is necessary, van den Haag says, if Italy is to raise production. But even if low production were the source of the present political turmoil, instead of one of its results, the Party's decision to salvage or wreck the economy would depend on how the leadership assessed its own strategic position.

The Party's finances are now, as much as ever, controlled by Moscow both directly and through the Italian League of Cooperatives, a complex of commercial

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enterprises through which the Soviets funnel much of their trade with Italy. All the leading personages of the Party travel periodically to Moscow, take their vacations in the Soviet Union, and submit important changes in Party personnel to the Soviets for approval. Occasionally, when the Soviets commit an outstanding act of barbarity, the Italian Party will dissociate itself from them. Do Western journalists really expect any party engaged in a contest for votes to point with pride to events in Czechoslovakia or Portugal and say, "Yes, yes, that is what we want for Italy"? However, after such dissociations the Party always undertakes a campaign against "anti-Sovietism."

Mr. van den Haag is much reassured by his belief that the Italian army, the police, and the Catholic Church have not yet been infiltrated enough to allow the Party to be sure of them. But surely one of the very first concessions the Party would demand as payment for its "support" of the government would be a greater say—for it has had *some* say since 1960—in police and military appointments. As for the Church, there is no indication at all that, under the present Pope, it would seriously oppose any move by the Party short of what the Spanish Left did to the Church in 1936.

To put into proper perspective the stories about the supposed genius of Communist public administrators in Bologna, one need only remember that Communist administrators do not face the Number One difficulty confronting all other administrators: the powerful opposition of the Communist Party and of the labor unions it controls.

Finally, I know enough rank-and-file members of the Communist Party to know they are no more Communist than I, but I also know they have nothing to say about how the Party is run. Letting the Party's leaders into the government would only give them more control over their own members. I doubt that successful lion-tamers proceed by increasing the strength and confidence of the beasts they deal with.

Fargo, N.D. ANGELO CODEVILLA

I've often wondered what to do with the cards you send every two weeks: "Introduce a friend to NATIONAL REVIEW. Reduced rates." After reading "Coalition in Italy," I know why they're there. Come next payday, I want to introduce Mr. Ernest van den Haag to *NR*.

If you have back issues, you might show him Miles Copeland's articles on how the Marxists in almost every European nation could paralyze a response by NATO or the U.S. to Soviet aggression. Italy, it is true, "does not border on Russia or its satellites," but it does border on such bulwarks against Communist aggression as Austria and Yugoslavia. Albania is at least fifty miles away across the Straits of Otranto, and Czechoslovakia and Hungary are 150 miles away. It would take Soviet troops and planes years to cover that distance, assuming the Italian Communist Party ever invited them in. Then ask the peoples of Greece, Chile, and Portugal how stable, secure, and comforting a coalition with the Communists can be.

As Solzhenitsyn says, the West tells the Marxists: Be as outrageous and ruthless as possible; be half-hearted and we'll oppose, or at least deplore your actions; be unyielding, and we'll applaud, or at least "face facts" and "compromise." There are people you can compromise with, and those you can't. Only a more or less severe beating can move those in Category B into Category A. "Appeasement" only whets the appetite and invites contempt.

Athens, Ga. ROBERT H. BROPHY III

Mr. van den Haag Replies

If low production is the effect and not the cause "of the present political turmoil" in Italy (it is both), my remedy—give the Communists some governmental power if they will use their power in the unions to reduce strikes and sabotage—would be the more fitting. One need not entertain "hopes" about the Communist design to suggest such an exchange. If the Communist leaders refuse, nothing has been lost. But they seem receptive. Mr. Codevilla stresses the remaining Soviet control of the Italian party. I do not see wherein his contention is inconsistent with mine: that the control has become weaker and can be reduced further.

Mrs. Luce's beguiling lesson in Italian history suggests that the strength of the Italian Communists is due to American detente with Russia. Whatever other demerits that policy may have, it cannot be shown to influence Italian Communists' strength, which depends not on foreign policy but on local bread and butter issues.

Mr. Brophy points out that Albania, or Yugoslavia, or Russia, might attack Italy. Improbable without a world war. And why should such an attack become more likely if the Communists held the ministry of forestry? Nobody proposes to give them power over the police or the military, and they know it.

What seems to worry my correspondents is that Communists hardly ever participate in a government except as a prelude to or a disguise for taking over and ending democracy. Quite so. In each case they battered their way in because they were already in a position to take over. They are not in Italy. Therefore, whether to invite them in and let them have the advantages and burdens of sharing some power is a tactical question that is not answered by describing the magnitude of the Communist threat. Liberals too often engage in wishful thinking about Communist intentions. Instead of reacting with fear about their power we should respond with realistic assessments.

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

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THE WEEK

■ Treasury officials propose to reintroduce, around July 4 next year, the old unpopular $2 bill. "For years Americans associated the $2 bill with racehorse gamblers," an official explains. "We would like the bill to be seen in a more patriotic light." That's *his* story. Real reason's that nothing can replace the $1 bill, and almost has.

■ SALT with a grain of salt: In its November 24 issue, an editorial in *Aviation Week & Space Technology* reported "a deliberate policy of secrecy and deception on the part of the Nixon and Ford Administrations that has tried desperately to conceal from the U.S. Congress and public the Soviet violations of both the letter and spirit of the SALT agreements." At the Detroit Economics Club a few days later, Secretary Kissinger bitterly attacked the *Aviation Week* report. He stated that "there has been no violation that has been reported that has not been brought to the attention of the Soviet Union and [that] has not been energetically pursued, or I should say, no allegation of a violation." Mr. Kissinger declared that he considered the editorial "unworthy" and "a disgrace when the President and Secretary of State can be accused of deliberately deceiving the American public with respect to alleged violations by our major adversary." In its December 1 issue, *Aviation Week* comments, accurately, that Secretary Kissinger's Detroit remarks did not include a direct denial of the report. Meanwhile, on NBC's *Meet the Press*, dismissed Defense Secretary James Schlesinger said in answer to a question: "In a number of respects, if they [the Soviet Union] have not violated the letter of the agreement, they have clearly violated what we [the U.S.] said would be a violation of the agreement in our unilateral statements . . . "

■ A few weeks ago, Senator George McGovern took full responsibility for his defeat in 1972. Last week he illustrated his patented method of achieving electoral catastrophe when he urged the Democratic Party not to "sell its soul on busing." Even the group to which he was speaking, liberal Democrats, was only marginally in favor of busing: 13 per cent said they were absolutely in favor of it, 41 per cent said it did more good than harm. A recent Gallup poll of the nation found 75 per cent of whites and 47 per cent of blacks opposed to busing. McGovern remains out of step—yet would like to be considered by the Democrats as a compromise candidate. Not only that. He'd like the Democrats to repudiate anyone who "turns to the tactics of racial division and fear" even if such a villain happens to be the nominee. Jackson was the man he had in mind—besides, of course, Wallace. That repudiation is not likely, but the Democrats have a heavy emotional and ideological investment in busing, one that they may be reluctant to write off until it's too late as far as the voters are concerned. At least one candidate for the Republican nomination is expected to come out strongly for a constitutional amendment against busing. If the Democrats follow McGovern's advice, they may follow his lonesome 1972 footsteps as well. Even if they don't take his advice but find themselves unable to abandon their traditional busing position, the big busing that goes on in 1977 may be of Democrats out of Washington.

■ With the Massachusetts primary coming early on the schedule, it is worth noting that the major Massachusetts antibusing organization, Restore Our Alienated Rights, is leaning strongly toward Ronald Reagan. Most ROAR members are Democrats, but they became disillusioned with the Democratic Party when the House Democratic caucus scrapped the proposed antibusing constitutional amendment. As reported in the *Boston Herald-Advertiser*, Mrs. Janet Palmariello, a West Roxbury Democrat who serves as president of her neighborhood school information service, says that she "plans to take a really good look at Ronald Reagan." If she likes what she sees, she says, she "wouldn't hesitate to change my party affiliation and go all out for Reagan in the Republican presidential primary." Most ROAR members are working men and women and now they're "infuriated with Meany and the Democrats," Mrs. Palmariello added. These developments could have far-reaching significance, if Reagan can take advantage of them. The Massachusetts rebellion over busing could fracture the Democratic Party in the state, transform the excessively genteel Republicans, and produce de facto realignment. Also, Teddy's up this year.

Kissinger Distraught

Once more the egg roll and the Peking duck.
Ford's stomach must be galvanized, ye gods!
To quit before the system runs amuck,
Like Metternich . . . I wouldn't give you odds.
There's Mao's wife: I *hate* her squinty nods.
(It's true, you know, all Chinese look alike.)
Ten minutes now with Jerry as he plods
His weary way before the bloody mike.
Is mine the only finger in the dike?
Is this the 13th, or the 14th course?
Perhaps I'll organize a waiters' strike—
Or maybe nuke the Yangtze at its source . . .
An Alka Seltzer's coming by and by,
Then dreams about one corned beef, lean, on rye.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

President Ford is planning to slash $22 million from the $28-million budget of the Selective Service System. If the slash is made, the System will be put on what is called "deep standby" status, with just a skeleton staff to handle the computers that keep track of the two million young men who must register each year. Now the trick is to put the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare on "deep standby."

■ The fog has lifted and now Cato can say with certainty that the next Democratic presidential nominee will be Senator George McGovern, who is thinking of entering some primaries to give the voters a choice, not an echo. His theme, which few others are apt to echo, is: "Busing Is Good for You." But it doesn't matter whom either party nominates because, Cato has learned, the next President will be Charles McC. Mathias, senior senator from Maryland. Mathias is a Republican, but he says that he may run as an independent. There are more independents these days than Democrats, so it follows that . . .

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, John Connally says it ain't so. He denies rumors (including an interview with him) that he is thinking of running as a third-party candidate.

Meanwhile, back at the Senate, Hubert Humphrey has rushed to snuff out an attempt by a New Hampshire resident to launch a write-in campaign for Humphrey in the New Hampshire primary. The man planned two mailings on Humphrey's behalf, each costing more than $25,000. But the new campaign spending law says that without Humphrey's approval, the man can spend only $1,000. Humphrey is enjoying a remarkably good press these days. For the first time in a long time he looks like a winner. Humphrey is too shrewd to spoil the fun by actually allowing his name to go before some voters.

More sad news from New Hampshire: Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp, the darkest horse in the herd, says he will skip the New Hampshire primary. He plans to concentrate on neighboring Massachusetts, which has a primary one week later, and which elects 104 delegates, 87 more than New Hampshire. So says Norval Reece. He is Shapp's campaign manager, and probably will be President Shapp's Attorney General.

■ If the next election is like most elections, there will be fewer Republican senators after the election than there were before it. And as if that were not a grim enough thought for the 38 remaining Republicans, now the Senate Rules Committee is dealing with a challenge to the 1974 election of Republican Senator Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma. Bellmon beat Ed Edmondson by 3,835 votes. Bellmon won Tulsa County by 22,370 votes. But the voting machines in Tulsa County did not have a lever to allow voters to vote a straight party line. State law requires such a lever on all machines.

■ Senator Hugh Scott, 75, will not seek re-election. His age, his wife's health, and the uncertain temper of the Pennsylvania electorate were considerations in reaching his decision. He has never been a big winner, and there are rumors of scandals concerning past financial supporters. Senator Robert Griffin, the Minority Whip, has been spared elevation to the Supreme Court. So he is the early favorite to win Scott's post as Republican Leader.

■ Senator Richard Stone (D., Fla.) favors a constitutional amendment to complicate the process whereby Congress raises its own pay. Stone's amendment would delay all pay raises until after the next congressional election. Senator Robert Taft (R., Ohio) has introduced legislation that would delay until after the next election the 5 per cent pay raise voted last July.

■ The Minnesota Republican Party, facing a crisis, has boldly improvised. Republicans hold none of the six constitutional offices, only 31 of 134 seats in the state House, 28 of 67 state Senate seats. So the Party is going to . . . change its name. It will now be called the Independent-Republican Party.

■ That'll teach him. In Huntsville, Alabama a government aerospace engineer, with a civil service rank of GS-14, complained that he was underworked and overpaid. Always glad to oblige, said the government, and demoted him to GS-12. This means a cut in salary from $34,913 to $25,200. The engineer plans to appeal the demotion. —CATO

■ Unlike the news about the CIA's non-assassinations, the news about the FBI's harassment of Martin Luther King and others *is* news. Of course it was widely known that J. Edgar Hoover had entertained Lyndon Johnson with tape recordings. What was unsuspected was the apparent depth of malignity that would drive Hoover actually to poison private lives, even to the extent of trying to induce King to kill himself—if we are to believe the sworn testimony. The lessons of these revelations are perennial and obvious; they hardly need repeating in the face of acts so gross. But we will also get plenty of non-lessons, instant inferences, bogus reform proposals, indignant demands for a total revision of Hoover's legacy (the renaming of the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover Building has already been proposed in Congress). The Administration has acted wisely in inquiring whether King's murder should be investigated anew. Until that is settled, the country can afford to wait, and should. The posthumous disgrace of J. Edgar Hoover's last years will be safeguard enough for the time being.

■ It's like Robin Hood picking a fight with Friar Tuck. Ralph Nader's Congress Watch is incensed at John Gardner's Common Cause. The trouble began over a Common Cause proposal to tighten lobbying regulations. The bill would require, among other things, that lobbyists keep a log of whom they lobbied and what they lobbied about. Now you might think Naderites would deem such a bill vital to their crusade against corporate evildoers. And you would probably be right—if the bill weren't so all-inclusive, i.e., if it didn't mean that Ralph Nader, Mr. Public Interest, would have to register as a lobbyist. The Naderites mobilized quickly. They began moaning—fat cats should savor this one—about the

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Keep Talking, Mr. Richardson

Now Elliot Richardson, he who resigned
When Archibald Cox got a kick from behind,
Is burbling things about Reagan and Ford
Which *possibly* mean we could pipe him aboard.
Though Eastern Establishment down to his toes,
When Barry was running, he smelled like a rose.
(Unlike, you recall, the malodorous Nelse,
Who sat on his hands like a ninny. What else?)

W. H. VON DREELE

paperwork the bill would entail and about the cost of the new recruits required to handle it. They also began taking potshots at Gardner and his organization; one Raider said Gardner was a "sanctimonious bastard." Tough talk, all right, but sometimes it's necessary to talk tough, especially when you're defending the public interest.

■ Next time you're in Washington, stop by the FBI building and ask to see the Rosenberg documents, all 29,000 pages of them. Deputy Attorney General Harold R. Tyler has ruled that the $55,000 in search fees previously required for release of the documents should be waived because of the "public interest and historical significance" of the case. The documents thus far released make it abundantly clear that the U.S. Government did right by Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. The next move belongs to the Communist Party and Robert and Michael Meeropol, the Rosenbergs' two sons—the trio who manufactured the "public interest" in the case.

■ Lazlo Toth, Yugoslav-born but an American citizen, has been sentenced to seven years in a Yugoslav jail on a charge of espionage. The charge is absurd. Toth, a laboratory manager of a sugar plant in Colorado, is accused of taking photographs of a Yugoslav sugar plant. The plant has no secret technology and all its equipment was supplied by West Germany. Laurence H. Silberman, U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia, has made many appeals on Toth's behalf; all fruitless. "It's obvious," said Silberman, "this will affect our relations." Meanwhile, in Washington a State Department spokesman said that while the Ford Administration takes the arrest "very seriously," "you can hardly say bilateral relations will fall apart because of this case." Sorry, Silberman. Chin up, Toth.

■ A correspondent asks the question: "Why don't you mention the extraordinary disappearance of Vietnam from the American press and consciousness?," and goes on to make the point: "Here is a country and a people to whom our own was intimately linked for a good many years—indeed, a country whose fate was often identified with our own, which has simply vanished off the face of the globe. It has had a worse fate than that, having become the subject of routine wire stories which treat it as if it were a small and unknown country like Sierra Leone or Gambia from which messages wink out among the tertiary economic receiving posts of our foreign affairs establishment. We read about all-Vietnam elections as if they were to take place in Honduras, quite forgetting that all-Vietnam elections were one of the most razor-keen issues of the last twenty years. Quite apart from one's point of view about the whole Vietnam episode, we should not be allowed to forget it so cavalierly."

■ What has 9,000 employees, has been sued 1,000 times, has approved a catalytic converter that many claim is a fire hazard, has responsibility for air, water, and noise pollution, and still has time to dabble in city planning? The Environmental Protection Agency, which although only five years old is the largest regulatory agency in the country. What's more, the EPA does all that on a budget of only $2 million a day.

■ NBC just can't win. The last time a major football game ran into the Sunday children's special, in 1968, it chose *Heidi* over Joe Namath—and got threatening phone calls from every football fan in America. This time, it let the game pre-empt the first 45 minutes of *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*—and got threatening phone calls from every parent in America. We have a suggestion: the next time this happens, why not push everything forward and take the difference out of the 11 o'clock news? Unlike *Willy Wonka* and the Redskins, the news we have always with us.

■ IT'S EITHER TOO HOT OR TOO COLD DEPT.: Once again, the Soviet Union's winter grain crop is being plagued by dry weather. Why can't God get the exact amount of rain straight?

■ Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that there are no significant differences in intellectual, moral, or civilizing capacity among human races and ethnic types?

Ford's Default

Just after President Ford announced his latest plan to alleviate some of New York City's fiscal troubles, headlines in the *Wall Street Journal* spoke of "Ford's Turnaround," and announced that the President had seemed to "cave in." In fact, the President's plan for one-year loans to the city is not inconsistent with his earlier refusal to sign legislation which was designed to prevent default. The New York State plan, which the President endorsed, *is* a default. True, the default on $2.6 billion in city notes is being called a "moratorium," which was a stroke of Madison Avenue genius. But that just means

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that the terms of the bankruptcy settlement are being set unilaterally by the debtor on a "take it or leave it" basis, rather than being settled in court with due regard for the creditors' property rights.

The plan is, of course, a house of cards. And each of the cards has to fit neatly into place to keep the whole thing from tumbling down. Even if the plan survives court challenges to the indefinite "moratorium," and to stuffing municipal pension funds with dubious paper, there are many other hurdles to get over. Some of the tax increases may drive away so many productive individuals and enterprises as to yield far less revenue than expected (as happened with the taxes on stock and bond transfers, and on off-track betting). The estimates of $740 million in spending cuts through June 30, 1978 are based on such unlikely assumptions as frozen municipal salaries and welfare payments until then. If the city somehow gets past such obstacles, federal loans would end in 1978. At that point, the city would be even deeper in debt than it is now, and patchwork remedies will fall apart. Not much would have happened to make investors any more confident that loans to the city would be repaid on time and in full.

The city has not yet confronted even the most conspicuous questions about the need for municipal hospitals when Medicaid pays the bills for the poor in any accredited hospital, or about the need for zero tuition when scholarships and loans can aid poor students, or, above all, the relationship of rent control to the deteriorating tax base. Nor has the city faced up to the time bomb in the city pension funds, which are underfunded by some $300 million each year, and the $700 million of operating expenses (payrolls) hidden in the "capital budget," and the $800-million advance from the state that will presumably be repaid. The municipal workers have been running a Ponzi scheme on the municipal securities market, so there is some justice in the city's running a Ponzi scheme on the municipal pension funds. But it is not the sort of thing that inspires investor confidence.

The House version of the Ford aid proposal—narrowly passed against the enlightened opposition of 100 Republicans and 103 Democrats—would limit the federal risk to $2.3 billion in short-term loans at a better interest rate than some other cities have been paying. If the city failed to repay such loans in a year, Congress might withhold revenue sharing. Coming from a Congress that worried about a riot of welfare recipients and municipal workers, that threat seems toothless. Still, it is not the worst plan imaginable, though not as good as facing the reality that the city is bankrupt. At worst, it leaves a cloud of uncertainty hanging over the issue until the middle of 1978, when the cloud becomes a storm. At best, the whole scheme will fall into merciful disrepair. The city would then be unable to get deeper in debt until it repaid past obligations and showed some concern about its ability to repay future obligations.

Ford's Nominee

President Ford's nominee for the seat on the Court vacated by William O. Douglas appears to please just about everyone and is expected to breeze through the Senate confirmation process. Judge Stevens has been hailed by the *New York Times* and by Senator Roman Hruska, and though some call him "conservative" his nomination was greeted by paeans of praise from the academic world. Very strange, on the surface at least.

No doubt President Ford faced a difficult situation in making his choice (see also "Capital Issues"). He is slipping in the polls, he faces a hostile Congress, and he is under attack by candidate Ronald Reagan. Above all, he must have felt he needed a safe Court nominee. In the short run, at least, he may have found one.

The really outstanding nominee, Solicitor General Robert Bork, would have faced rough going in the Senate. In the foreground of the campaign against him would have been his firing of Special Prosecutor Archi-

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This Is Detente?

Like water running down a hill,
The Soviets are never still.
They seep around a rocky rise
'Til (gurgle, gurgle, glub) the prize
Has vanished in the undertow;
Then on the awful waters go.
The way it's getting wet, I fear
Angola's doomed to disappear.

W. H. VON DREELE

bald Cox in the "Saturday Night Massacre." But in that episode Bork merely transmitted a presidential order after the resignation of his boss, then-Attorney General Elliot Richardson. The real objection to Bork would have been his toughminded and informed skepticism about the legislative initiatives of the Court in recent years. That is, Bork—or a conservative of that sort—would have posed a threat to an entire array of vested interests. Busing, racial quotas, environmental protection regulations, equal opportunity mandates, and so on are not merely abstract imperatives; each of them is sustained by large bureaucratic structures. Abortion is not only an ideological totem of the National Organization for Women; it is also a major industry.

Judge Stevens might surprise us, but on the record he poses no particular threat to the vested interests arising out of Court decisions during the past ten years. If Stevens is a "conservative," the reasonable expectation is that he will "conserve" liberal interests, by and large. That is the reason his nomination pleased the *Times* and the academic community, and will speed through the Senate. Let us pray. As long as we are not standing on public school property.

Religious Fanatics

In the year 1708 Jonathan Swift published a famous and ironic pamphlet called "Argument against Abolishing Christianity." Extirpating Christianity, he argued, might be attended with certain inconveniences. The wits, no longer able to attack it, might then direct their barbs at the government. Loss of a clergy would remove from many parishes the one man who could read and write. Sunday regulations were no real burden, he argued. What difference did it make if one day a week a man drank and gambled at home instead of in a gambling house or a brothel? Abolition might even unify Protestants. It could conceivably put the Church in danger.

Swift could have written a second such pamphlet in 1975. Indeed, a good start on one has unwittingly been made by *New York Times* religion editor Edward B. Fiske. "Church-related colleges, whose appetite for public funds and academic prestige has led many to adopt more secular styles of operation, are beginning to take a new and more positive look at their religious traditions. . . . 'Religiously oriented institutions are discovering that in their desire to become academically competitive, they have de-emphasized one of their most important assets,' said the Reverend Paul C. Reinert, the president of Jesuit-founded St. Louis University. . . . Notre Dame University, for instance, has introduced a required senior seminar on values. . . . St. Andrews Presbyterian College in North Carolina has recently hired a full-time 'church relations' officer in order to generate support and 'take more seriously what it means to be a church-related college.' . . . Leaders of religiously oriented colleges are also aware that, as competition for students increases in the face of a declining birth rate, the basic prerequisite for survival will be a sense of identity."

"But here I would not be mistaken," wrote the ironical Swift. "I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defense of real Christianity . . . To offer at the restoring of that, would indeed be a wild project, . . . [it] having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with all our present schemes of wealth and power."

Calling the Tune

A few years ago the notion that to accept government bounty was to invite government meddling was widely derided as Goldwaterite paranoia. Thanks to HEW and the IRS, the laughter has died out. According to their newly effective ukases, any college attended by a single student who receives a government grant or loan is subject to federal "guidelines" of the affirmative action varieties. Independent colleges—notably Brigham Young and Michigan's Hillsdale College—are fighting back against the reduction of their status to vassals of Washington, and the American Association of Presidents of Independent Colleges and Universities is marshaling an organized resistance.

The rulings are substantively trivial. Brigham Young has of course its own views, of religious provenance, on the status and dignity of women, which in fact it has vigorously promoted. It does, however, regard them as a distinct sex, and the collision this has engendered with the government's decrees amounts, the college insists, to an infringement of its right to worship. Hillsdale, a fortress of the principles of liberty, has always shunned and despised government money—only to be told, on a slender pretext, that it doesn't matter. The principle of equality in this way becomes a gun at the temple of every independent institution.

There is a certain logic in the rulings: he who pays the piper calls the tune. The principle is now invoked by the same liberals who once scoffed at the idea it would ever apply to federal aid to education. But it is at last obvious that such aid is aimed against the independence of colleges, and, in effect, against the continued existence of those colleges that refuse to surrender their independence. Under the ingenious new application, federal power is used to limit rather than to expand the student's range of choice.

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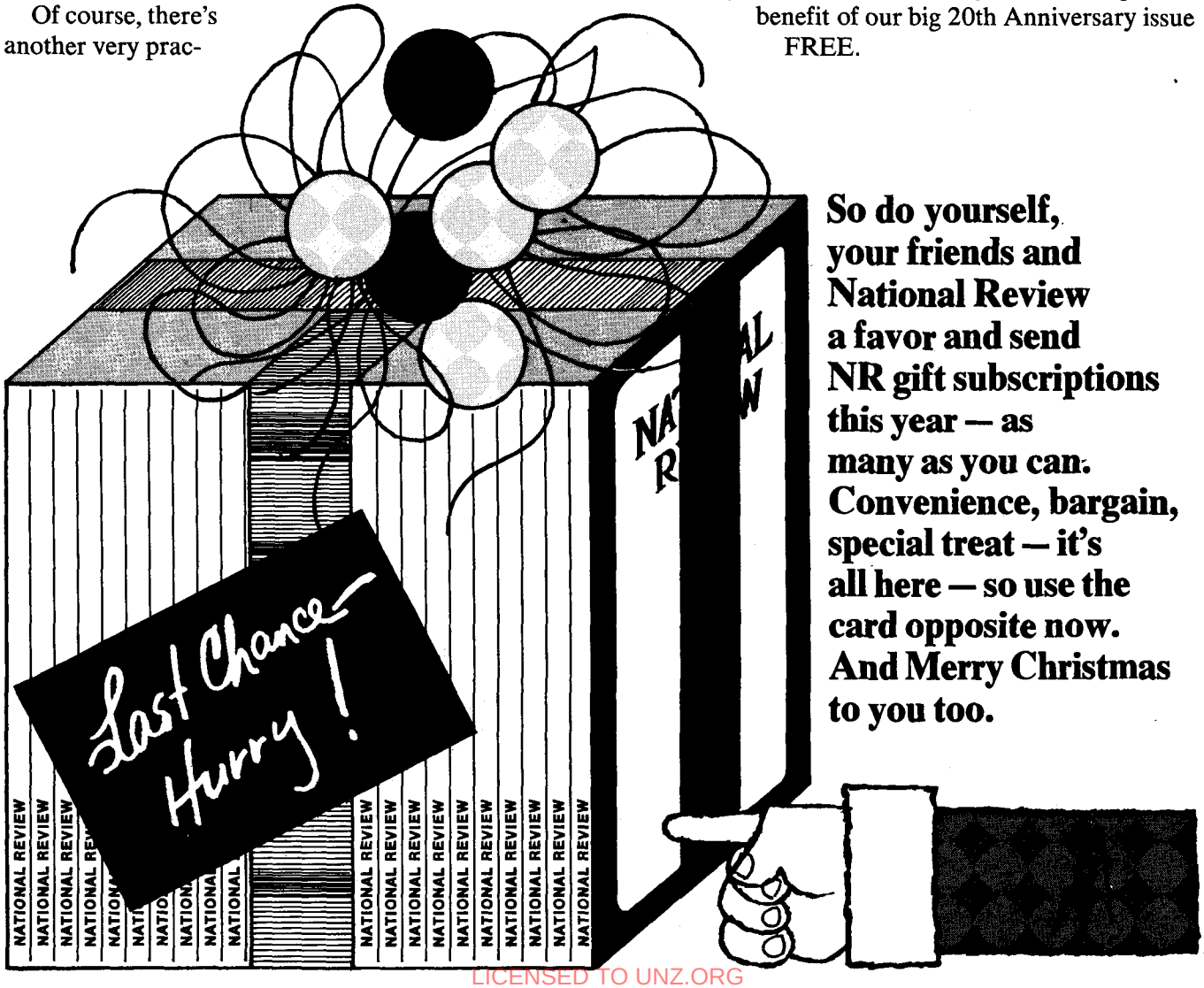

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Whatever abstract justification they may have, the new regulations typify the state of things in America generally: a bureaucracy teases new meanings out of existing laws, and applies them imperiously, in effect changing the laws themselves. And a society whose laws change capriciously is a lawless society.

Kirkpatrick Sale's Epistle to the Philistines

Kevin Phillips wrote the original book in 1969, and in another book last year he explored some refinements of the basic thesis. In the years since Phillips first formulated it, the thesis has been a standard assumption of political discussion. Power, wealth, population, and apparently even human vitality have been shifting in a southwesterly direction since the end of World War II. The old Republican bastions in the Northeast become increasingly liberal and moralistic. The formerly sleepy and solidly Democratic South and Southwest are booming conservative strongholds. Now, six years after Phillips' first book, Kirkpatrick Sale brings the same bad news to his selected audience, consisting of Homo Liberalis, and does his best to make it palatable. Remarkably enough, the index contains only three minor references to Phillips, and his name does not appear among those listed in "Acknowledgments."

In *Power Shift: The Rise of the Southern Rim and Its Challenge to the Eastern Establishment*, Sale cannot of course deny the obvious facts. After World War II "there grew up a rival nexus, based in the Southern and Western parts of the country that stand in geographical—and to a large degree cultural, economic, and political—opposition to the Northeast, specifically in the Southern Rim, the broad band of America that stretches from southern California through the Southwest and Texas, into the Deep South and down to Florida. Here a truly competitive power base took shape, built upon the unsurpassed population migrations that began to draw millions and millions from the older and colder sections of the Northeast to the younger and sunnier sections of the South and Southwest . . . upon an authentic economic revolution that created the giant new postwar industries of defense, aerospace, technology, electronics, agribusiness, and oil-and-gas extraction. . . . Over the last thirty years, this rival nexus, moving onto the national stage and mounting a head-on challenge to the traditional Establishment, has quite simply shifted the balance of power in America away from the Northeast and toward the Southern Rim."

As a somewhat breathless newcomer to these matters, Sale misses a key point. An important aspect of the present political conflict pits the traditional Eastern Establishment against a newer communications-academic-social services Establishment also based in the Northeast. And in this configuration, the older Establishment in many cases makes common cause with Sale's "Rimsters."

But what Sale adds to these generally well-known facts is a particular perspective—what sociologists sometimes call the Genteel Poverty Syndrome. Thus, the upper-class individual living in sharply reduced economic circumstances comforts himself with the reflection that those "others" are *vulgar*. He cherishes the family silverware; he contemplates the photo album. The virulent anti-Americanism of certain British Tories is a classic case of the Genteel Poverty Syndrome. Kirkpatrick Sale comforts the declining Northeast by arguing—rather stridently—that the "Rimsters" are morally and aesthetically inferior: "fast-buck marketing, rampant wheeler-dealing, fraudulent stock schemes, land-sale scandals, and the ascension of organized crime to a position of power extending from the leading banks right into city government." Tut, tut, says Sale. Moreover, as he sees it, the Rim is a hot-bed of political pathology; figures like Nixon, Connally, and Reagan are merely the tip of an iceberg consisting of the usual bogeymen—generals, oil men, Birchers, and whatnot. Caught up in his thesis, Sale goes so far as to argue that the "Rimsters" murdered Jack Kennedy, though he admits quite winningly that he has no evidence to prove it and that none may ever turn up.

But if Kirkpatrick Sale can thus offer some comfort to an increasingly defensive liberal Establishment, well, who would begrudge it such solace, in these parlous times?

To Your Corners, Ladies

The National Organization for Women was founded in 1966 primarily for disgruntled housewives and ex-housewives, for businesswomen who weren't being promoted, for young women who wanted to be executives and were hired as secretaries. But, as Danton and Kerensky could tell you, in radical movements the most radical elements bubble to the top. Today some of the original NOW members find themselves in an organization one of whose top priorities is lesbian rights.

So the housewives' faction, led by one of NOW's founders, Betty Friedan, is counterattacking. They will not leave NOW, they say, but they have formed a "network" within it called "Womansurge." "If you polled the 60,000 members of NOW," says one Womansurge member, "you'd find by an overwhelming majority that the priorities are ERA ratification, enforcement of equal rights, and non-sexist education. . . . These are hard-core, gut issues and don't lend themselves to what has become fashionable." Another Womansurge member says: "The middle class is not going to be 'guilt-tripped' any more. . . . Housewives bear the brunt of this. . . . What we are saying is that these women are vital, they are coming into the movement, and they are bringing up our children, and rhetoric would have them put down."

To which NOW President Karen DeCrow replies:

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"There has been a great deal of attention paid to the fact that somehow if the feminist movement pays attention to anyone but white middle-class straight women, we will somehow deviate from course. . . . If you challenge gender role stereotypes, you must understand the homosexual issue."

A few more enthymemes like that—along with a few more defeats like the New York and New Jersey ERA, and the fizzling of the "Alice Doesn't" women's strike—and even the most liberated white middle-class straight women may decide sisterhood is not enough to hold NOW together.

George Bush and the CIA

Perhaps the only top governmental post for which George Bush is not a plausible choice is the one for which President Ford has nominated him, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

In the first place, though Bush is intelligent, able, and patriotic, he has had little or no experience with the technical aspects of intelligence operations. He no doubt could master them, and master the equally unfamiliar administrative requirements of the post, given, say, three or four years on the job. But no one, repeat, no one, expects Bush to stay at the CIA that long.

Even more serious as a disqualification is the fact that Bush's career has been in partisan politics, as a congressman, candidate for the Senate, and chairman of the Republican Party. A thoroughly honorable career, and Bush undoubtedly has a bright future, but the post of CIA Director is one place in which partisan politics should not intrude, whether consciously or unconsciously. Furthermore, it is important for the future of the agency that the public should perceive it as conspicuously nonpartisan, and for that perception the identity of the Director is crucial. The ideal intelligence man would be a pure technician, preferably anonymous, a lens transmitting the facts without refraction. Though that ideal cannot really be achieved it should at least be approximated. George Bush would serve both himself and his country well by withdrawing his name from consideration.

Catholic Stirrings

In the years following Vatican II, the Catholic Church experienced a lesion of political and cultural clout. The period when Catholic opinion mattered to a legislator, or when a Catholic leader such as Francis Cardinal Spellman could actually stand up to the *New York Times*, began to seem almost antediluvian. Issues of central importance were buried beneath a bland ecumenicity. Culturally, the "opening" to modernity all too often entailed uncritical submergence in it.

Elsewhere in this issue, Malachi Martin discusses the chilling spread of a gnostic heresy in the Third World, where Catholics—including members of the hierarchy—increasingly identify Christian doctrine with Marxism [see p. 1470]. But at the annual meeting of the Catholic bishops in Washington at the end of November, there were signs of a recovery of nerve on the part of Catholic leadership. The bishops launched a massive, national anti-abortion campaign designed to produce political action. Abortion is hardly a "Catholic" issue, any more than the freedom of Israel is exclusively a Jewish issue, and, indeed, Catholics often have seemed less effective than many Protestants and Jews in deploring the presumptuous and dangerous decision of the Supreme Court. This reticence may now change. And John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia, former president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, took on the issue of aid to parochial schools and put it squarely in the context of Catholic-Jewish dialogue. He criticized national Jewish organizations for being insensitive to Catholic parents' concern over the fate of the parochial schools, and characterized their opposition to parochial school aid as "bitter."

What these initial stirrings amount to remains to be seen, but in their transactions with democratic pluralism some Catholic leaders seem to be indicating that the day of uncritical fawning may be drawing to a close.

Kingfish Brewster Goes to London

Over the years the utterances of Yale's president Kingman Brewster have seldom left us plain folks in a state of hushed admiration, but on Thanksgiving Day Mr. Brewster delivered an address to the English Speaking Union in London that deserves to be long remembered. It is radiant with a kind of inspired common sense. Herewith, a few central excerpts:

"The torture which freedom has suffered in the Second and Third World makes 'the rights of Englishmen' all the more precious. . . . Our traditional values are not the natural and inevitable order of mankind. They are the hard won and fragile achievement of the English-speaking Peoples. . . .

"[The] challenge to us both is, in good part, strictly economic. Thus, if government remains representative, will it not always cater to the demands of the present at the expense of the future? Can wage settlements be expected to leave a surplus for investment? Will taxation and inflation together dry up savings? Will government itself be under inexorable pressure to favor consumption at the expense of capital? . . .

"This inflationary bias of representative government seems to me the greatest threat to the survival of a democratic political economy. . . . We need some 'higher law' to restrain the natural temptation to use the spending power for political self-perpetuation. If we do not

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solve this problem, representative government will drive us up to altitudes of inflation which, like anoxia above 14,000 feet, will not be able to sustain productive economic life. . . .

"Until we can devise ways by which the inflationary consequence of a congressman's vote is traced to him with the same particularity which attaches to a yea or nay on a revenue bill, we will not cure the disease of public spending motivated by the desire to achieve reelection.

"Our task is to make the massive public spending power subject to a rule of law, just as we once brought the police power and the taxing power under constitutional restraint."

That is precisely what Ronald Reagan was saying in the form of Proposition One, his tax-limiting amendment to the California Constitution.

Rex Stout, RIP

This is not to be a book review. Those who already read Nero Wolfe need no reviews. Those who do not, don't deserve one. Besides, the characters—Wolfe, Archie, Cramer, Saul, Lily, Lon, and, most decidedly, Orrie—are now dead. Furthermore, to be frank about it they were relics really, of the late Thirties and early Forties. One simply cannot quite picture Archie and Lily doing the hustle.

There is a corner in our city—I pass it regularly—that somehow traces a familial path through my mind across the infinitesimal distance to the now lugubrious landmarks of the Wolfe stories. On this corner stands an old cab station the tone and brownstone of which seem to retain the dusty shadow of the coalyard next door that was swept up years ago. My father took me there once during the war to order a load of coal for our furnace. An old man I saw then sits there still, perched beside the road in a caneback chair, waiting for me to die. Stout's characters, stretched out above me in a paperback row, will speak to me for the rest of my life in specks of darting light; voices that never were, saying things that have never been said, decoding and encoding my reality as if their own unspeakable unreality was a mere trifle, a joking matter. Always being and doing; the pieces of things I hadn't been and couldn't be, but always was.

No one will ever convince me that Rex Stout did not believe *A Family Affair* was to be his last book. Read it and you will know. And there is something infinitely grand about that, something that smokes and curls in the mind on a Saturday night. If he was to have a last word, he was satisfied to have it with the fleeting millions who stand in airport and streetside newsstands with canted head and watchful eye. He would, after all, disdain the apology. He knew that reading is an act of love that requires no regrets.

P. F. Howerton Jr.

Notes & Asides

■ Mr. George Will, our Washington correspondent and book editor, will shortly embark upon a missionary venture into heathenland. He will henceforth, in addition to his duties as a syndicated columnist, write a fortnightly column for *Newsweek* magazine, in the space made famous by the late Stewart Alsop. We deeply regret his departure, wish him well in his new assignment, and will keep a supply line with holy water going to him to guard against infection. Meanwhile, we thank him for the superb job he did as national reporter and book editor.

We are happy to announce that Mr. Chilton Williamson Jr. will join the staff as associate editor and book review editor. Mr. Williamson, who was born in New York in 1947, attended Columbia University and did graduate work in American history. He has been working as college editor for St. Martin's Press in New York, and has written for *The New Leader*, *The New Republic*, *Harper's*, *Commonweal*, *The Columbia Forum*, and, of course, NATIONAL REVIEW. Mr. Williamson's offices will be at NATIONAL REVIEW, where he will perform other editorial duties in addition to superintending the book section. The mantle will pass on January 1.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Ed Capano

With this issue (December 19), the single-copy price of *NR* goes to 75 cents. The subscription price remains $15 per year (25 issues). Remember that this issue is the last of the year.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Rob Sennott

John Ottinger, who was of invaluable help to the advertising department since 1968 as a consultant in research and marketing promotion, and who also collaborated (with former Advertising Director Patrick D. Maines) on an article for *NR*, "Is It True What They Say about the *New York Times*?", died last week of cancer. His last piece in *NR*, which appeared just a few months before his death, was his review of the Edwin Newman book.

John graduated from the University of Tennessee, at 18, at that time the youngest graduate in the University's history. He started his newspaper career in Memphis and went from there to the *New York Herald Tribune* and when that folded made the switch to advertising with the New York agency McCann-Erickson. He was the editor

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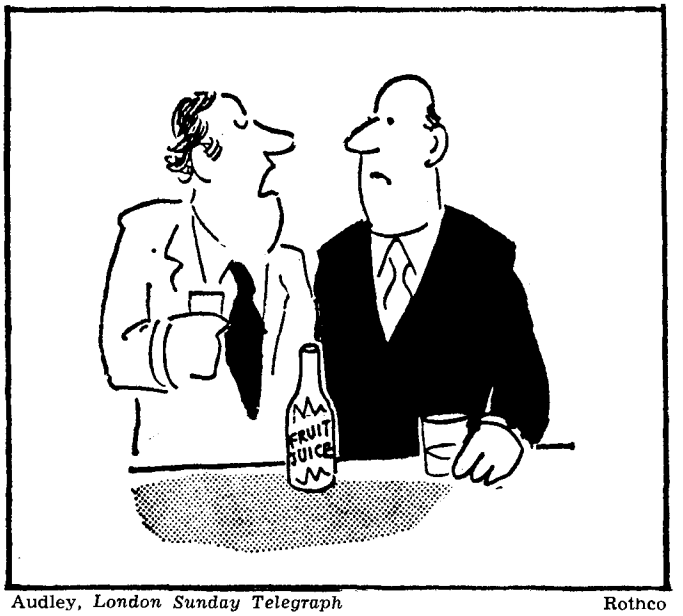

Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"Another excellent recipe for longevity, of course, is to get oneself onto the CIA assassination list."

of the periodical *Port and Starboard*, describing the joint advertising operation of *NR* and *The New Republic*. He will be greatly missed.

■ WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.
NATIONAL REVIEW

IUVENIS EGO TIBI SENI SALUTEM DICO TEMPUS TE CITIUS QUAM ORATIO DEFICERET VALE

DICK WELLSTOOD, 48
SEA GIRT, N.J

If you played the piano like that, Wellstood, we could play duets. Anksthay— Bill, 50

■ Dear Bill:

I was interested to see your recent column about the Virginia Kirkus book review service. I had thought it a mere aberration, though from what you now say it seems after all typical, that they did a piece on our late friend Tibor Szamuely's *The Russian Tradition* earlier this year which managed—a hard task—to be almost as vicious as it was stupid. It is held as a bad mark against Tibor that he accepted views common to "anti-Bolsheviks"—that is, to every current of opinion except adulators of the tiny sect which finally seized power; and, above all, it accuses him of ignoring "the dynamic currents of Western Marxism developed in Russia and Russian Poland by Luxemburg, Trotsky, Bukharin, and Preobrazhensky." The fact that none of these wrote a word until after the end of the period covered by Tibor's book is one point. The fact that Tibor was specifically writing about Russia, so that to smuggle in Rosa Luxemburg via "Russian Poland" is cheap chicanery, is another. The fact that the other three accepted and helped impose Leninist elitism (even though, like Lenin himself, they *talked* about the masses) is yet another—it is the theme of Tibor's book, of course, that victorious Leninism brought together the autocratic traditions of both the Russian state and the Russian revolutionaries, while the reviewer, aptly named Wooden, is trying to dispute this. But the real clincher, which can be no more than an attempt to dazzle the poor old run-of-the-mill Kirkus reader with a false appearance of erudition, is the inclusion of that nice long name few of them will have heard of—Preobrazhensky. Far from being some sort of democrat, he was, of course, the great theorist of the policy later put into effect by Stalin, of financing the dictatorship's plans by massive squeezing of the vast peasant majority (Stalin shot him, of course, but Stalin shot a lot of people who had done their bit in repressing the majority).

One had the idea that Kirkus was supposed to summarize books, not act as a sort of neo-Marxist Index.

All the best,
Robert Conquest
London

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
I find it confusing
(Or is it confussing?)
That you always print busing
When you surely mean bussing—
Or am I just fusing?

Appreciatively,
David H. C. Read
Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church
New York

No, you're just consistent, which the English language isn't. Cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since my last correspondence, we now represent one of New York's major media-communications companies who has a limit on escalation in their lease.

As a major space user, they were able to negotiate this tenant oriented clause when escalation was not a significant factor; their rental is also substantially "below the market" for this modern uptown office building.

You can understand the value of this uncommon clause; no landlord today would even consider it.

I would be happy to discuss this unique situation with you at your convenience.

Sincerely,
George E. Angel
New York

Understand the value of this uncommon clause? Why my dear sir, I don't even understand your letter!

Cordially,
—WFB

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Hemmed In

IT IS UNLIKELY that there has ever been an office as inherently weak in terms of real power, and as disagreeable in the occupying of it, as the office of United States Ambassador to the United Nations. It is unlikely that such a small office has ever been occupied by a man as large in intellect and spirit as Daniel Patrick Moynihan. It is unlikely that the occupant of any such office ever held in his hands as much power to shake larger offices as Mr. Moynihan held during the hours when he was contemplating resignation.

The events that brought on this contemplation are well-known. Mr. Moynihan has been speaking in an unroutinely sharp way in response to the routine denunciations of the U.S. and its interests by the many and multiplying enemies of the U.S. in the UN. Mr. Moynihan's comportment has been disconcerting, embarrassing, and intolerable for the U.S. foreign policy establishment. It is not certain that the British Ambassador to the UN was encouraged by officials of the U.S. Government to give his speech denouncing Mr. Moynihan for rocking the UN boat [see also "On the Right," p. 1495], but it is no less than reasonable to suspect that such encouragement was given, if only by the echoing silence of the State Department, which has not come to Mr. Moynihan's defense during this testing period.

So Mr. Moynihan came within an ace of resigning, and if he had resigned, he would have come close to guaranteeing Mr. Ford's rejection by Republican voters in his contest with Ronald Reagan for the GOP nomination. The departure of Mr. Moynihan, coming before the dust had settled from the sacking of Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, would have solidified conservatives—and others, too—in their conviction that the policy of smoothing the feathers of our enemies has become a frozen orthodoxy in the Ford Administration. And Mr. Moynihan's departure would have deepened the nation's uneasiness about the generally unsettled nature of the Ford Administration. So when Mr. Ford announced that Mr. Moynihan had his complete confidence, Mr. Ford was doing what he could not avoid doing.

The last thing Mr. Ford needed was for Mr. Moynihan to join Mr. Schlesinger in speaking out about the drift of U.S. foreign policy. By the time Mr. Moynihan's resignation became a possibility, Mr. Ford was aware that Mr. Schlesinger was not going to be like so many others who speak boldly—in private—about the decline of U.S. security, but who, when they leave office, run for cover—for the Senate, or for private industry.

MR. SCHLESINGER, on *Meet the Press*, said that the Ford Administration is endorsing unacceptable defense spending cuts, and that "a shrinkage of the force structure of that sort is not consistent with maintaining a military balance in a period of time in which the Soviets have expanded in every conceivable area." Asked if he thought Mr. Ford is capable of making sound foreign policy judgments, Mr. Schlesinger, ever a gentleman, launched a convoluted answer that, although gentlemanly, was not "yes."

With Mr. Schlesinger champing at the bit for opportunities to express the sort of opinions that got him fired, Mr. Ford could not afford to cut loose a man with Mr. Moynihan's extravagant rhetorical gifts.

This is just an example of how severely circumscribed Mr. Ford is on the eve of the election year. He is hemmed in on the right by a growing revolt in the Party. He is hemmed in on the left by the natural pre-election feistiness of the Democratic Party in Congress. That Mr. Ford is aware of his limited freedom is apparent in his nomination of John Paul Stevens to succeed Justice William O. Douglas. The choice of Mr. Stevens is eminently defensible. It also is very timid.

Mr. Stevens is a judge; he is described as a "moderate"; he is liked and respected by colleagues; he has had some scholarly experience. Senator Charles Percy (R., Ill.), who knows him, says: "The brilliance of the nomination is that you can't characterize him. I've known him for 35 years and I can't. He is an independent thinker with a reverence for the Constitution."

Fine. Mr. Stevens' nomination will sail through the Senate. But there were other potential nominees—Solicitor General Robert Bork, for one—who are not brilliantly uncharacterizable; who are, rather, well-known for their more sharply defined views, especially their skepticism about the sort of judicial activism that still enjoys the approval of many Senate liberals. By nominating Mr. Stevens, Mr. Ford has ducked a fight with the Senate.

One reason he has ducked is that he has been losing some fights. Mr. Ford has withdrawn five nominees and has had three others rejected. This is not an especially bad record. President Truman had four rejected in 1950; President Eisenhower had three rejected in 1955. President Nixon lost two consecutive Supreme Court nominations. But Mr. Ford is the first President to have the Senate reject the nomination of a former member of Congress—Ben Blackburn, a Georgian, nominated to head the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. Mr. Ford has had 53,296 nominations confirmed, but that is not a very meaningful statistic. More meaningful is the fact that Mr. Ford has so little freedom in nominating: he is under relentless scrutiny from the Right, but does not want to send to the Senate nominees with uncomfortably pronounced views.

All this must have been in the back of Mr. Ford's mind as he sat there in the great hall in Peking, listening to his Chinese hosts deliver diatribes disguised as toasts. As far as Mr. Ford was concerned, the most important voice in the room was the muted voice of Barbara Walters, beaming the play-by-play to the sleepy *Today* show audience. Mr. Ford and his men must have been thinking: Maybe the old Nixon magic will work again. But the magic of the Nixon China trip—which coincided with the 1972 New Hampshire primary—was that it was a first trip. Mr. Ford returned still in search of, and in need of, magic. □

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The Atmosphere of Detente

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

On November 26 the *New York Times* published its lead editorial under the title "Angola Intervention." I quote excerpts: "Soviet imperialism has re-entered the African continent in crude force, this time in the former Portuguese colony of Angola. . . . The massive flow of Soviet armaments, including heavy weapons and aircraft, grossly escalated the level of fighting in Angola earlier this year. Combat continues, and so does an air and sealift of supplies. Since October the MPLA has been reinforced by a 3,000-man force of Cuban personnel.

"There was a time when the U.S. would have responded to such a massive and menacing intervention with its own show of force, but that is something that the American people would never countenance now."

Two days later the *Times* printed an article by its military editor, Drew Middleton, from which I quote: "The principal goal of the Soviet Union in Angola is to gain air and sea bases on the South Atlantic. . . . The sources believe that the Soviet Union has two countries in mind in expanding its military and political power in Africa. One is Angola. The other is Somalia, where the Russians have now their air-naval establishments. These moves reflect Soviet recognition of the fact that seaborne supplies, primarily oil but also minerals, are vital to the industrial countries of Europe and North America. . . .

"In Angola, a victory for the Soviet-backed MPLA would give the Russians deepwater ports at Lobito and Luanda and the use of airports there and inland at Henrique de Carvalho. The Portuguese built 11 other advanced airports in Angola. Many of these could be swiftly expanded to take the long-range Soviet aircraft that are expected to be transferred there after an MPLA victory.

"The establishment of naval and air forces in Angola acting in conjunction with the Soviet reconnaissance aircraft and bombers based on Guinea would virtually assure the Soviet Union domination of the South Atlantic."

I add, third, the apparently authoritative report that Giscard d'Estaing has decided to grant independence, possibly within months, to "the territory of Afars and Issas"—known formerly as "French Somaliland," just north of the formerly British and Italian coastlands that became independent Somalia in 1960. The port of Djibouti in the Afars-Issas territory is located opposite Aden at the western end of the Gulf of Aden, close to the entrance of the Red Sea (thus controlling the Suez passage) and poised, in the other direction, over the northwest sector of the Indian Ocean. Under French control, it has been the last Western base in its area.

I complete the assembly of data with remarks made by Henry Kissinger and an unnamed "high ranking official" at a November 28 press conference. "The United States will not intervene militarily in Angola," Mr. Kissinger stated flatly. The official later explained that Mr. Kissinger had "called in Ambassador Dobrynin to make known American displeasure over Soviet military assistance to the MPLA." "Asked to relate the Angola issue to the general topic of detente," the news report went on, "Mr. Kissinger quickly responded that there was 'no alternative.'"

As lawyers enjoy saying, the record speaks for itself. I shall, however, add a gloss or two.

The Character Of an Avalanche

1. Secretary Kissinger's declaration that "the U.S. will not intervene militarily" is clothed in the diplomatic ambiguity of which he is master. In one sense we are already intervening militarily: we have sent some military supplies and equipment to the MPLA's opponents; it is not inconceivable that we have a few chaps on hand in person. What Mr. Kissinger really meant is that the U.S. is not ready to intervene *decisively*—that is, intervene with what it would take (which might not be so very much at that) to prevent the Kremlin's protégé, the MPLA, from transforming Angola into a client state of the Soviet Union. If the Soviet Union *has* determined to intervene decisively—which is the only way intervention anywhere makes sense—then the outcome is certain, short of a miracle.

2. From 1805 until World War I, Britannia ruled the waves. From World War I until today, the U.S. has ruled the waves. The U.S. is now in the process of resigning that rule, both by allowing the Soviet navy to overtake the U.S. Navy and by remaining passive while Soviet domination is extended over the key strategic points of the African and south Asian littoral.

3. The sea lanes around Africa, plus the constricted channel through the Red Sea and Suez Canal, are the lifeline—the jugular vein—of what remains of the Western world. As Drew Middleton explains, the oil, copper, chromium, uranium, platinum, and dozens of other elements without which the advanced Western nations cannot live, flow through this passage. The withdrawal of the French from Djibouti, the already announced British withdrawal from the South African base of Simonstown, and a Soviet presence in Angola and Mozambique, mean that Soviet air-sea power outflanks the lifeline—mean that the men in the Kremlin hold a knife against the Western jugular.

4. Strangely enough, many of those among us who insist that the world is now "interdependent" are the ones who most vehemently denounce "intervention." If you are interdependent on someone else for your food, you must intervene in some manner, unless you are ready for suicide, if he cuts it off, or gets in a position to do so at the moment of his choosing. If we are too weak or soft to forestall today's loss, that loss inevitably leaves us still weaker tomorrow.

To which point I conclude with a fifth citation—from Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's devastating critique of Secretary Kissinger published December 1 in, once again, the *New York Times*:

"The very process of surrender of world positions has the character of an avalanche. At every successive stage it becomes more difficult to hold out and one must yield more and more. This is evident in the new conditions across entire continents, in the unprecedented encroachments by the Soviet Union in southwestern Africa, and in votes in the United Nations." □

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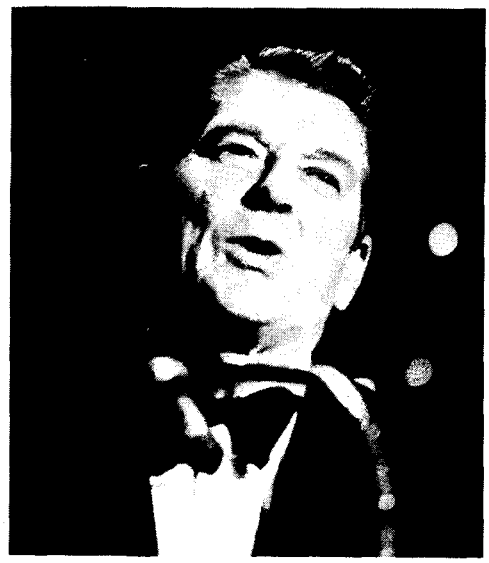

POLITICS

The Goldwater and Reagan Campaigns: A Difference?

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

RONALD REAGAN announced his candidacy at 9:30 A.M. on November 20, and by high noon Senator Charles Percy was gunning for him on the streets of Washington. Senator Charles "Mac" Mathias loaded a shooting iron of his own. On the morning of the 22nd, the *New York Times* fired away.

"What is new about his candidacy," inquired the *Times*, "that gives right-wing Republicans the hope that if he is nominated, he can do better than re-enact the Goldwater debacle?"

This is a fair question. It will be put to Reagan constantly in coming months, and it will have to be answered convincingly if he is to entertain any realistic hope of winning the Republican nomination. Not only Percy and Mathias, but also other GOP liberals and local party functionaries will raise the issue. Republican candidates for Congress and for state offices will have an understandable coattail concern. Reagan offers a choice. Looking back to 1964, even his warmest admirers may be forgiven a worried question: Would he offer an echo also?

What was the "Goldwater debacle"? A generation has grown up that may not remember. Barry Goldwater lost by a landslide to Lyndon Johnson. It was the most lopsided election since Alf Landon lost to Franklin Roosevelt in 1936. More than 69 million votes were cast in 1964. The count was 42.6 million for Johnson, 26.8 million for Goldwater. Johnson wound up with 486 electoral votes, Goldwater with 52 electoral votes.

Goldwater's defeat was just about total. He carried his own state, Arizona, by less than 4,800 votes—a tenth of his winning margin as senator in 1958. He also carried Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. That was the size of it. In New York, Goldwater won only 31 per cent of the vote, in Connecticut 32 per cent, in Pennsylvania 34 per cent, in Illinois 40 per cent. In California he carried only six counties, and only two of those mattered. He lost Vermont by 2 to 1 and Rhode Island by 5 to 1. In the whole of the heartland Midwest, he was never even close.

Dozens of Republican candidates for House and Senate drowned in the tidal wave. Robert Taft in Ohio, Paul Laxalt in Nevada, George Bush in Texas, Howard Baker in Tennessee—all were sucked under. Goldwater's total vote was eight million less than Richard Nixon had received in his losing race of 1960. All this is painful to recall.

The question now before the house involves Ronald Reagan. We assume that he has won his party's nomination at Kansas City in July. Would we experience, in November, a repetition of 1964?

Six factors contributed in varying degree to Goldwater's rout. I have labeled them, shorthand fashion, as situation, image, conduct, staff, party, and opposition. Except for the first one, they all would figure in Reagan's problem.

The political situations plainly are quite different. John F. Kennedy was assassinated on November 22, 1963. The Johnson-Goldwater election fell on November 3, 1964. The American people, shaken by the whole traumatic experience, were not about to undergo the further upheaval that would result from a third President in 14 months. This factor alone, in the view of many observers, would have prevented a Goldwater victory. It is not demonstrable, but it seems to me probable, that no Republican could have defeated Johnson in 1964.

But if the ghost of the slain Kennedy figured importantly in the outcome, other half-formed images were also significant. This business of "image" will have to concern Reagan. It is a truism of politics that in any two-man contest, more votes will be cast "against" than cast "for." Probably half to two-thirds of the Johnson vote came from persons who were not so much "for" Johnson as they were simply "against" Goldwater. The Goldwater image scared them silly. By the time election day rolled around, a hostile press (abetted by some vicious Johnson commercials) had turned Goldwater into a monster. In the popular view, Goldwater would abolish Social Security, shut down the TVA, bankrupt the farmers, imprison dissenters, suppress the blacks, and trample civil liberties. When he had nothing better to amuse him, he would blow up the world with nuclear bombs. This was the image of extremism. Goldwater never could escape it.

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Goldwater's own conduct unhappily contributed to his problems. We know the Arizonan as one of the nation's most delightful men—warm, friendly, charming, genuinely modest. Somehow these characteristics got obscured in the 1964 campaign. He left a trail of rankled feelings and wounded sensibilities—contributors snubbed in Tennessee, a banquet hall abandoned in Wisconsin. He seemed constantly on the defensive, constantly misunderstood, often out of focus, a man so hipped on political principle that he could not grapple with political reality. Thus his criticisms of Social Security, for example, were sound in principle, but they frightened the old folks. Goldwater's candor was forever at war with discretion; honesty struggled with tact, and tact often lost; the impulse to pop off proved hard to resist.

GOLDWATER'S own problems were compounded by problems of staff. From the very beginning, his campaign suffered from too many amateurs, not enough pros. It was not that his key people lacked dedication, conviction, or loyalty; what they lacked was experience. Goldwater made too little use of truly skilled men, such as Clif White. He relied instead upon a disorganized crew of close friends, advancemen, speechwriters, and miscellaneous advisors. Individually, they had talent; collectively, they lacked cohesion. Staff-written speeches, run through many hands, often turned into mush. Overbooked schedules left Goldwater exhausted. Political campaigns float on the backs of volunteers, and these he had in abundance—half a million of them. But campaigns are propelled by staff, and Goldwater's staff never got all its cylinders clicking together.

Party unity, as a political phenomenon, is observed as seldom as a major comet. Now and then the main forces unite; more often they fly apart. "The Dimmycrats," said Mr. Dooley some eighty years ago, "ain't on speakin' terms with thimsilves." Republican disarray is seldom as evident as Democratic disarray, but in the Goldwater campaign of 1964 the feuds were bloody. Nelson Rockefeller's disaffection is well remembered; we tend to forget the explosive letter sent by Pennsylvania's Governor Scranton to Goldwater on the very eve of the San Francisco convention. The letter blew the concept of party unity to smithereens. Within the GOP, Goldwater was widely denounced as the Great Divider. He was the "polarizer." To be sure, he was warmly loved by millions of old-line, conservative Republicans, but he lost the support of party moderates. Partly as a consequence of this disunity, Goldwater lost California by 1.2 million votes while George Murphy was winning a Senate seat by 200,000 votes. Delaware Republicans went solidly for John Williams but trounced their presidential nominee. The same situation obtained in Vermont. Goldwater's heroic struggle was largely a personal effort. It was not much of a party campaign.

Finally, Goldwater suffered from the high caliber of the opposition. In the fall of 1964, Lyndon Johnson was a formidable candidate. He enjoyed all the advantages of incumbency; he was the inheritor of Camelot. The horrors of Vietnam were yet to come; the worst of the student riots lay ahead. In terms of civil rights and the black vote, Johnson was like the convert who had become more Catholic than the Pope. True, Johnson had been tainted by the Bobby Baker episode and by the Walter Jenkins incident, but he had not been tainted badly. In Hubert Humphrey he had a well-known running mate. By late October, Johnson —in glaring contrast to Goldwater—was seen as the stable, solid professional who was firmly in command.

To return to Reagan: Assuming his nomination, and taking the several factors into account, could a repetition be avoided? The answer, unsatisfactory though it may be, is simply, It depends. It depends upon the image Reagan could project, upon his own skill as a campaigner, upon the professionalism of his staff, upon the degree of party unity he could muster, and on the quality of the Democratic opposition.

Reagan's image remains inchoate. He may well be able to bring to the campaign the qualities he shares with Goldwater: grace, humor, charm, political sex appeal. Like Goldwater, he is a principled conservative; his convictions run deep. Reagan's integrity is unquestioned; his personal life is unblemished. But at the outset of his campaign, his image is largely that of the role-playing actor—pleasant on stage, but ill-equipped for the real world beyond the footlights. Reagan does not yet project the *presidential* image. He is not seen as a serious man.

The press will have a great deal to do with the image that emerges, and in the eyes of the national press corps Reagan is an interesting rookie, new to the major leagues. My colleagues in Washington are more curious than hostile. Can he hit major league pitching? Can he run the bases? Can he snag the hard questions? Thus far the reaction is cool. Reagan struck out, fumbled, and muffed some easy pop-ups at his opening press conference on November 20, but his performance was not wholly bad. Opening day jitters. The season is young.

Reagan's difficult task is to project an image of moderate conservatism. The very notion will outrage the rock-ribbed one hundred percenters who now cheer his every word. To them moderation is seldom a virtue; extremism rarely a vice. If Reagan ever appears to be waffling toward the Left, they will turn on him with cries of "Judas!" But Reagan will never make it to the White House if he is perceived, as Goldwater was perceived, as a monster who would abandon the old folks and atomize little girls.

Contriving a positive image will depend upon Reagan's

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own conduct—like Goldwater, he tends to shoot from the hip—and it will depend upon the skill of his staff. Reagan is a quick study; he has an absorbent mind. But over the next couple of months, he will have to work harder than he has ever worked in his life. He must convincingly master an enormous body of knowledge on national and foreign affairs. He must be prepared for the dusters, the spitters, and the curve-ball questions that will be hurled at him from now on. After New Hampshire, generalities will not suffice and mere theory will not impress. Reagan will need a topnotch staff, experienced and well informed, to brief him on the issues he will daily have to confront.

As for party unity, Reagan could no more mollify Chuck Percy than George McGovern could win the heart of Senator Eastland. The question is whether Reagan, as his party's candidate, could hold the disunity in bounds, dampen the overt hostility, and prevent open rebellion. This would depend upon Reagan's skill as a diplomat and upon the offensiveness, relatively speaking, of the program he puts forward. Conciliation would be difficult; it probably would not be impossible.

Reagan's ability to defeat the Democrats' candidate will also depend on the candidate. For the Democratic nominee, whoever he turns out to be, will also have to cope with the problems of image, staff, and party disunity. The Democrats have their own worries about a repetition of the McGovern debacle. The Honorable George also scared the voters silly.

All these speculations are based upon the assumption of Reagan's nomination. It is a large assumption. The most famous recipe for rabbit stew begins with this instruction: First catch the rabbit. In challenging the incumbent Gerald Ford, Reagan has given himself a hard row to hoe. It will be astonishing if he comes out on top. But as his good friend Barry Goldwater could tell him, if he wins at Kansas City, the much harder task will have just begun. □

II. Reagan at the Start

As James Jackson Kilpatrick points out, Ronald Reagan now confronts two specific allegations, viz., that he will be perceived as an "extremist," much as Senator Goldwater was perceived in 1964, and that he can be eloquent about generalities but is weak on details and concrete issues. Given the frequency with which Mr. Reagan has spoken out on various issues during the past year—spoken, indeed, in measured and considered tones—these are curious allegations. And that Mr. Reagan is impulsive and cares little about details is hardly borne out by the following excerpts from his speeches, newspaper columns, and radio broadcasts. —Ed.

Foreign Affairs:

Whether the loss of essential American resolve began in Korea or not—it was there that our country decided, for the first time, that victory was not necessary. And we carried that policy to the tragic climax in Vietnam.

In between, we were conditioned by indecision at the Bay of Pigs; indecision while the East Germans built the Berlin Wall; failure to act when the North Koreans hijacked the *Pueblo*; even the repeated and on-going harassment and piracy of American tuna boats off the coast of Ecuador; and our seeming willingness to give away the Panama Canal.

Soviet military might has been growing at the rate of 5 per cent a year. Ours is declining 5 per cent a year.

Their nuclear buildup matches their conventional buildup.

. . . A good second step now would be a sharp increase in our defense program, including production of the B-1 and the Trident submarine.

The major drawback of the proposed SALT agreement announced by Messrs. Ford and Brezhnev at Vladivostok last fall is its failure to provide for parity in missile payloads.

In 1972, the United States already was at a 4 to 1 disadvantage on this score.

The Soviets have since engaged in an aggressive research and development program involving five new ICBMs and a new submarine missile. If they replace their existing land-based missiles with the new models and we don't deploy a new ICBM to replace our Minuteman, the payload gap will widen to 10 to 1 in the 1980s.

Another threat to our military forces and our cities is posed by the Soviets' new supersonic bomber. They don't want this counted in the USSR weapons total. The U.S. negotiators seem willing to go along with this idea, despite the dangers.

Though the Vladivostok proposal calls for limiting the number of strategic weapons, it doesn't prevent them from being fitted with multiple warheads (MIRVs). This makes it all the more essential that we negotiate an agreement which provides for accurate MIRV verification and, at the same time, calls for equality of throw-weight.

In Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union is building its armed forces—at the same time that the NATO allies are reducing their own defense efforts.

Since 1972 the Soviets have added 100,000 troops to their forces deployed on the Eastern front. These will be supported with conventional arms and armament being produced at a much faster rate than America is producing. They have built 9,000 new main battle tanks. We have 1,400. They have produced 13,200 armored personnel carriers. We have built 2,500. They have outproduced us 9 to 1 in artillery.

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There is plenty of ground for *quid pro quo* negotiating with Castro. One item should be an agreement by Cuba to deny landing and refueling rights to Soviet aircraft. This last spring, Soviet warplanes refueled in Cuba during the worldwide Soviet naval maneuver "Okean 75." They then proceeded to make simulated attack runs off our East Coast.

Other U.S. objectives in *quid pro quo* bargaining could include denials by Cuba of naval base rights to the Soviets; reaffirmation of U.S. naval base rights at Guantanamo; compensation to Americans for property seized by Castro; free movement between the two nations; written guarantees by Castro that he won't attempt to export his revolutionary tactics to other Western Hemisphere nations; and restoration of human rights and freedoms in Cuba, including religious freedom.

There hasn't been a single election in Castro's "paradise" since he came to power. That's a point worth talking about, too.

The incubation of the present Marxist government [in Panama] goes back a long way. When the Communist Party of Panama was founded in 1930, its charter spelled out two key goals: 1) gain control of the government through the armed forces; 2) nationalize the Canal Zone via treaty negotiations.

Goal Number One was realized when, on October 11, 1968, the armed forces (called the National Guard) overthrew the newly inaugurated government of President Arnulfo Arias. Arias, president twice before (and denied office a third time by apparent vote fraud), had been an outspoken critic of Soviet designs on the canal since his first election in 1940.

Slowly, over the years, a cadre of young, carefully indoctrinated Marxist military officers grew in size in the National Guard until it was strong enough to bring off the coup.

The [U.S.] government can . . . [make] it clear to Torrijos & Co. (well in advance) that it will not permit any attempt forcefully to take over the canal.

Domestic Affairs:

What I propose is nothing less than a systematic transfer of authority and resources to the states—a program of creative federalism for America's third century.

Federal authority has clearly failed to do the job. Indeed, it has created more problems in welfare, education, housing, food stamps, Medicaid, community and regional development, and revenue sharing, to name a few.

By taking such a step we could quickly liberate much of our economy and political system from the dead hand of federal interference, with beneficial impact on every aspect of our daily lives.

Not included in such a transfer would be those functions of government which are national rather than local in nature, and others which are handled through trust arrangements outside the general revenue structure. In addition to national defense and space, some of these areas are Social Security, Medicare, and other old-age programs; enforcement of federal law; veterans' affairs; some aspects of agriculture, energy, transportation, and environment; TVA and other multi-state public works projects; and certain types of research.

Take education. The United States built the greatest system of public education the world has ever known—not at the federal level, not even at the state level, but at the level of the local school district. Until a few years ago, the people had direct control over their schools—how much to spend, what kind of courses to offer, whom to hire. Is it an accident that as this local control gave way to funding and control at the federal and state level, reading and other test scores have declined? It has just recently been announced that scores in college entrance exams have been nosediving for ten years and this year took the greatest plunge of all, and yet spending on education in that same period has been skyrocketing. The truth is a good education depends far more on local school control than on the amount of money spent.

Or take welfare. For years, the fashionable voices have been calling for a federal takeover of welfare. (Well, the old-age portions of welfare *have* been taken over—and in the first 18 months, more than a billion dollars have been paid out by mistake.) If there is one area of social policy that should be at the most local level of government possible, it is welfare. It should not be nationalized—it should be *localized*.

Our task force in California found that the smaller and more local government becomes, the less its costs. The more government is localized, the less you will see a situation like the one in Massachusetts, where a mother of six was receiving through cash and services the equivalent of $20,000 earned income. That is twice the average family income of the state.

The very way in which unemployment statistics are reported contributes sharply to the psychological part of the problem.

In fact, the method of reporting such data by the Bureau of Labor Statistics is misleading, if not downright phony.

What the statistics provide is a reasonably good estimate (not an accurate count) of housewives who don't need but would like part-time work; young people still fully supported by their parents, but who are seeking their first jobs; and even teenagers wanting paper routes or other after-school work.

What the statistics don't provide is a sharp focus on the actual number of breadwinners involuntarily unemployed, looking for a job to support a family, and drawing unemployment benefits if they are eligible. That number would be a true measure of our economic situation.

Actually, more than half the unemployed will find jobs in five weeks or less (at any given time); the average for all is ten weeks; and less than 7 per cent have been without work for 26 weeks or longer.

The reports should also tell something else: what job skills are in surplus in some localities and in short supply in others. The National Federation of Independent Business recently surveyed its members and found almost one-quarter looking for workers to fill job openings. The BLS could perform a real service by tallying such job skill needs so the truly unemployed can find them. It makes more sense than spending billions to create new public jobs which add little to national productivity.

Although the right of private sector workers to organize and strike is almost universally recognized, fundamental differences between the private and public sectors argue against public employees having the same right. □

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THE NEW ECUMENISM

Are Christianity and Marxism Compatible?

MALACHI B. MARTIN

THERE IS NOW a third and fateful form of ecumenism which originated in Latin America and is finding greater and greater vogue throughout the Western world. It has nothing of the indolence that crippled ecumenism's first form (ecclesiastical unity of Christian churches) and none of the slobbery comprehensiveness that foredoomed its second form (fraternization of all religionists, Christian and non-Christian).

The new ecumenists, mainly Latin Americans and Roman Catholics, are utterly committed to fight and, if necessary, to perish in their efforts. As the social, political, and economic conditions in Latin America deteriorate, the number and rank of the new ecumenists grow impressively each year—priests, nuns, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, theologians, philosophers, humanists, laics of all callings and classes. Claiming to speak uniquely for Christianity, they declare the existing social, economic, and political systems of the Western world, and of Latin America in particular, to be dehumanizing, irremediably unjust, and religiously intolerable for any genuine Christian. They call for the complete overthrow (with as much violence as necessary) of all Western governments and for the creation of a "new society" from which all injustice will be absent—the Kingdom of God, they call it. The designated arch-enemy of the new ecumenists is the United States—as economic power, cultural way of life, political entity, and military giant.

The new ecumenists declare that the Church Jesus founded has one historical mission today: to cooperate in liberating everyone from what they characterize as the oppression and unholiness of the capitalist system. And, they add, no mere reformation of capitalism will liberate men for God or fulfill the *divine* purpose of the Church. Christianity will be successful only if there is complete abolition of capitalism and the installation of "socialism." "I believe it should be a democratic socialism," declared Don Sergio Arceo, Bishop of Cuernavaca. "With my companions," added Bishop Gerardo Valencia in 1970, "I definitively proclaim myself to be a revolutionary and a socialist."

Offensive and alien to many ears but insistently clamorous is the claim of these ecumenists that *their* revolutionary process was and is the aim of the incarnation of Jesus, and the only condition on which the redemption of all men can be accomplished. Their proposed revolution *is* Christian salvation in action. Some speak of it as Christian Marxism.

The dialectic is dizzying. Marxism, says Father Gustavo Gutierrez, is intrinsically atheistic, but not in a bad sense. According to this "Christian" argument, atheism is essential for understanding class struggle and oppression. Only "metaphysical" materialism (i.e., capitalism) is unacceptable to genuine Christianity. That is why "atheism (in the good sense) is an essential element of real faith."

The "new covenant" of the prophet Jeremiah and St. Paul will come about only when, the abolition of capitalism being completed, "democratic socialism" is installed. The "new covenant," conveniently enough, *is* the socio-political system of "democratic socialism."

Theology is quite a distinct body of knowledge which, over a period of more than 1,500 years, developed a general character that still remains valid today. Its primary datum is the revelation made by Jesus during His mortal life. The only authentic sources of that precious revelation are Scripture and tradition. Human reason enters as an aid, but never to carry the weight or alter the importance of those primary sources. Whatever we learn from those sources, there is always a last controlling element: the teaching authority of the Church.

The new ecumenism and its "theology" represent a revisionist mode of thought, exclusively rationalistic, which examines and correlates common human experience and Christian texts. It looks to no teaching authority within the substance of Jesus' Church.

As summary error, in place of Jesus' revelation, this "theology" puts forward mankind, historically confined to the last third of the twentieth century and quite limited in geography and social class as well. Even to this limited population, the new liberation promises "a merely historical, political, liberating event." Gutierrez and others willfully ignore the fact that Christianity promises and guarantees liberation only from individual sin and from eternal damnation. "Take up your cross and follow me" was its Founder's terse invitation.

Christian Words

What gives the appearance of Christian theology to this ecumenism is the skillful adaptation of terms borrowed (for the immediacy of power they can confer) from Christian theology. "Sin demands a radical liberation which in turn implies a political liberation," i.e., the socialist revolution. Any of the seven Sacraments is "an efficacious revelation and a call to communion with God and to the unity of mankind"—which all sounds fine, if a little imprecise theologically, until we are told that communion with God means abolition of private ownership, and that unity means the monolithic inertia of a totalitarian socialism.

The most peculiar note of this doctrine of new liberation is the on-the-spot, tangible guarantee, the unquestionable "given": that the near-inevitability of this fresh ecumenism springs directly from the masses in Latin America and elsewhere. Chairman Mao could not have put it better. Indeed, this "given" of the new ecumenism, together with the violent method it has appropriated and its proffered guarantee of absolute authenticity stemming from the masses and therefore in turn guaranteeing

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socio-political success, have all been found only once before in history as the leitmotifs of a successful mass revolution: in Chairman Mao's seemingly unquenchable "cultural revolution."

Maoist Theory

Indeed, the new ecumenism has at its core that very special element that distinguishes Mao's brand of Marxism from the Russian variant: Mao's firm belief that, so long as they are not choked by an elephantine Party bureaucracy as in Russia, the masses will of their own accord produce wave after wave of purifying revolution until the "new man"—the phrase was Mao's originally—emerges and takes over universally.

But Maoism is only a quarter of the story. The Roman Catholic Church in Latin America must share a good deal of responsibility. It recognized problems tardily, and it is showing gross ineptitude in dealing with them now. Up to the early Sixties, Church hierarchies and clerical circles were easily identifiable with that amalgam of landed proprietors, industrial monopolies, financial resources, and military strong-arm groups that dominated Latin American countries. In the wake of the Second Vatican Council, two new factors came into play. There was, first, a new spirit of experimentation in religious practice, and fluidity in religious doctrine. Second, a new awareness arose among ordinary Latin Americans that they, the "have-nots," far outnumbered the "haves," and that masses in similar situations elsewhere had risen up and "changed all that"—or so went the systematic information Latin American theologians and North American imitators have been calling by the uncouth Latinism, *conscientization*.

On numerous occasions, particularly at the Medellín Conference of Latin American Bishops in 1968, statements and recommendations used elevated religious sentiments to prove that to be "authentically Christian" the Church had to be a "Church of service." In the newly charged atmosphere of Latin America, "service" immediately came to imply the physical delivery of many things—housing, food, clothing, employment, wages that would always magically outstrip incredible inflation rates, medical care, technical education, voting; but it implied primarily a revolution leading to "democratic socialism." Churchmen suffered and still suffer from such a poverty of alternatives that the only authenticity they can brandish is borrowed from social engineers, welfare workers, philanthropists, political agitators, and revolutionary guerrillas.

The sad and unconsoling fact is that none of the American churches has been able to make any specifically Christian contribution toward easing the mounting world crisis or toward stanching the running blood of their own ecclesiastical bodies. All have been overtaken by events; and already it is very, very late. For, if this new ecumenism goes on to increase and intensify at the same rate it has maintained since the early 1960s, it will produce two deeply felt shocks, besides initiating a series of hemispheric and international events.

One shock will be to the organized structure of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe, in the United States, and especially in Latin America. That Church will cease locally to be, as it is today, an organic part of the Roman Communion. More disturbing, there will be radical and irreconcilable changes in belief, teaching, and religious practice. And all Christian churches will suffer a similar fate to a greater or lesser degree. The other shock will hit the United States: externally, it could create a militant Marxist-socialism over the entire North American continent; internally, it will provide a flag to which every dissident group and every dissatisfied individual can rally in political non-conformism, social revolt, and economic disruption. "I dream," said Father Sergio Torres earlier this year in Detroit, "that Christians in Chile, Latin America, and this country [U.S.A.] can come together to form a new society, a new utopia in God. . . . He is the reason for my being. . . ." Torres' statement was as serious as the mid-September statement of the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola: "Thanks be to Comrade God," it began, "our people are now more politically conscious. . . ."

Blame for the impact and appeal of the new ecumenism must be shouldered not only by Maoism and the Church itself but also by those in the Vatican administration of Paul VI who have too lightheartedly pursued a dialogue with Marxist theoreticians and Communist governments. To be recognized diplomatically and intellectually is small recompense for the misunderstanding and confusion this dialogue has engendered. Ambiguity emanating from Vatican offices is reproduced in every major chancery throughout the world. Successive Vatican documents, with Paul VI's signature attached to some of them, have introduced a volatile note into basic questions such as private ownership of the means of production, the nature of political rights and sovereignty, and, most important, the teaching authority of the Church.

Womb of Ambiguity

Vatican foreign policy is equally a womb of ambiguity. In this matter, one picture is veritably worth ten thousand words; and the skillfully used wirephotos of Archbishop Casaroli, papal emissary, sipping cocktails with his Soviet hosts in the Kremlin last year did more for "democratic socialism" and the "brotherhood" of Christians and Marxists than any new ecumenist tract. Without any change in the internal policies of the USSR or of its satellites regarding the Church and religious liberty, all the Vatican ventures in Eastern Europe and in Russia have paid off handsomely for Soviet policies: magnificent propaganda material for the Communist International, on the one hand; on the other hand, discouragement and demoralization of Christians living under Communist regimes, and encouragement of the forces now operating in Latin America to bring that continent—all of it—formally into the Second World of Marxist states.

What is needed from the Vatican is a clear statement that will at the very least reassert its own ancient teaching authority by forcing the new Maoist party-goers to shed their grotesque theological costume; by laying bare the purely political status of the new ecumenism; and by reaffirming its own confidence and that of all Christians in the real and sacred duties of theologians. The Vatican should make clear that the unity Jesus promised is already achieved, and that it has nothing to do with socialist unity; that the Church's service is to the spirit *only*; and that no form of authentic Christianity can promise even the possibility of material prosperity, social justice, or international peace—capitalist, socialist, or Brobdingnagian. □

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REGULATED v. FREE

The Case against Credit Allocations

THOMAS MAYER

THERE IS A STRONG CASE to be made against the many proposals for credit allocations now under consideration in Congress. A system of credit allocations would, in the long run, have little if any effect on the way credit is actually distributed; and, insofar as it has a short-run effect, the effect would be deleterious. Moreover, credit allocations would impose substantial costs on the economy, and as an investment tool they are inferior to direct subsidies and explicit taxes.

The private market makes mistakes but the errors of market allocations are insufficient reason for replacing the free market with government controls. Government controls have their own inefficiencies, which may well be worse than the inefficiencies of the free market. For example, farm price support programs, which were intended to help destitute farmers in the Great Depression, have actually given the most benefits to rich farmers. Controls over natural gas prices, which were to aid buyers of natural gas, are about to deprive many of them of natural gas. Regulation Q, which puts ceilings on the interest payable to small savers, was to provide a breathing spell for hard-pressed thrift institutions. But it has instead provided them with a permanent crutch, and has had such side effects as levying a regressive tax on small savers and stimulating the potentially destabilizing Eurodollar market.

The characteristics of the Reuss credit allocation bill, which was only narrowly set aside by the House Banking Committee, indicate that such legislation would be no more successful than previous attempts to improve resource allocations. The Reuss bill would have channeled credit away from "inflationary" uses without showing a clear understanding of what is inflationary.

A credit allocations program may aim to discourage credit going to big business (as opposed to small business) and consumers. Insofar as lenders discriminate in socially unjustified ways against small business, a program of channeling credit to small business could conceivably improve resource allocations. But the extent of such discrimination is not really known; indeed, the evidence that it even exists is far from conclusive. Hence, a program to shift credit from large to small firms could more than offset existing discrimination, and end in net discrimination against large firms. This would lower the nation's productivity. If you don't know how far a car is veering to the right, giving the steering wheel a sharp tug to the left may not improve matters.

A credit allocations system would probably favor loans to small business, mortgage loans, and loans to local governments. There are two arguments for claiming that the volume of mortgage loans is insufficient. One is that various government restrictions (i.e., usury laws, Regulation Q, FHA and VA interest ceilings) reduce the housing sector's ability to obtain funds in periods of tight money. The solution is to remove such restrictions, but this is not politically feasible. Of the two remaining solutions, direct subsidies are preferable to credit allocations.

The second argument asserts that the private market does not produce sufficient low-income housing, and that therefore credit allocations should be used to help the poor. This is a questionable argument. It is better to help the poor by giving them a minimum income to spend as they see fit than to subsidize, via credit allocations, one particular item they buy—housing. Such a subsidy is also received by other consumers of housing, and its cost-effectiveness in helping the poor is therefore extremely low. If housing merits government support, then a direct subsidy is again preferable.

As for state and local government borrowing, there is little evidence that banks and other lenders discriminate against this type of loan. Nor do state and local government expenditures seem strongly affected by tight money. Here, again, if this claim is justified, the answer is to subsidize state and local government investment directly, rather than through credit allocations.

It is always better, if certain types of investment are to be favored, to do so through direct subsidies and taxes. Taxes and subsidies are much more in the public view than are the hidden taxes and subsidies resulting from credit allocations. A system of explicit taxes and subsidies would affect the overall cost of certain activities, rather than the cost of one particular input—namely credit. Credit allocations usually give producers an incentive to use too much capital relative to other factors. A tax or subsidy system, by placing the reward on the volume of output rather than on the use of a particular factor of production (bank loans, or perhaps total borrowing), does not interfere with the incentives to produce in the most efficient way.

ALTHOUGH credit allocations may be flexible in principle they are likely to be inflexible in practice. A special governmental benefit given to one group cannot easily be withdrawn when conditions change; by that time it is looked upon, at least by its recipients, as a natural right.

There is little question that a credit allocations system can work in the short run. But it does not work in the long run, for two reasons. First, existing financial institutions develop techniques to avoid its impact. One example of the kind of ingenious loopholes devised when consumer credit controls were imposed was the raising of both the trade-in value of an old car and the price of a new car, so that the trade-in met the minimum downpayment requirement. There is little reason to doubt that, over time, lenders could develop similar schemes that would largely eliminate the effect of a credit allocations system.

Second, and more fundamental, credit allocations are imposed on financial intermediaries, such as banks, rath-

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PERU

Will the Communists Get Oz?

DAN DOHERTY

In the high Andes mountains of Peru, on feast days, the Indians dress up in gorgon masks to exorcise demons. A number of these masks are painted white and decorated with black mustachios and beards. They do not just stir subliminal memories of the *Conquistadores*; they also stand for the contemporary rulers of Peru, a group of Marxist generals.

In late August of this year, there was a coup d'état in which Peru's President, Juan Velasco Alvarado, was deposed and a new President, General Francisco Morales Bermudez, set up in his place. Velasco had been a strongman, a super-nationalist, a man of grudges and of sudden violence. In the eight years of his rule no popular support for the Marxist revolution that he led had ever developed. President Morales Bermudez, on the other hand, is described by most journalists as a moderate man in politics, a pragmatist, and a man of intelligence. He may be all of these things but, for the Indians of the *alto plano,* there will be no need to fabricate new masks. The old ones will do very nicely.

To a Gringo, Peru is like the Land of Oz: it has a mythical beauty, a climate of eternal spring, the great and mysterious ruins of the past, the soaring, snow-capped Andes, and a jungle filled with butterflies and parrots. It is populated by quaint and colorful Indians, easy-going mestizos, and arrogant grandees. Its governments always presented a blend of the naive and the picaresque, earning Peru the title: The World's Biggest Banana Republic.

Since the revolution of 1968 (a polite, bloodless affair, which replaced one of Peru's infrequent constitutional governments), there has been a change: not an obvious change but a fundamental one, which could have a serious effect on the future of the entire South American continent.

The government established by Velasco in 1968 had a predictable Wizard of Oz flavor, a system of carnival grifts—misdirections, hyperboles, and lies—designed to keep the rubes docile, diverted, and broke. It was proclaimed to be "humanist, nationalist, and pluralist," deriving from the aspirations of Western culture, preserving individual liberties, sovereign within its own borders, pledged not to interfere with its neighbors, and treating equally with all other nations in the world, whatever their ideological stamp. Agrarian reform was instituted and Yankee properties were expropriated as Velasco announced the peruvianization of Peru.

Cuban Know-How

But behind the leftist, liberal façade a far more intelligent band of swindlers was at work. Swarms of Cuban advisors arrived in Lima and, from their posh embassy opposite the San Isidro Golf Course, they wore paths to the various ministries where the Generals were sweating over unfamiliar problems of social organization and welfare. The Cubans instructed Peru in how to achieve revolutionary justice by packing the bench with judges of tested political sensitivity. They taught the Peruvian sugar industry how to set up "cooperatives" that were really "collectives" in order to prevent the workers from squandering the profits on consumer goods. Following the Cuban handbook of statecraft, the Generals learned how to set up and run a political police department complete with block-spies. They learned how to guarantee a good "press" by donating the newspapers to reliable committees. They learned how to disseminate political education by making job security a function of correct political thought.

This double-time to the left, however, did not fool everyone. Military aid from the United States was cut off and foreign investments dwindled. To reestablish credibility and credit and to convince the free world that Peru was not a Cuban-style Communist state but a Third World version of social democracy, new grifts were needed. The Generals set out to prove that each expropriated industry was in some way anti-Peruvian and anti-revolutionary. Draconian laws to prevent the flight of capital stopped the import of beef; fixed low prices on locally raised mutton and swine discouraged farmers from bringing their animals to market. Blame for the subsequent meat shortages was put on the backs of the slaughterhouses, and the whole meat packing industry was nationalized. The same laws swept supermarket shelves bare, and they were taken over for hoarding. Gulf Oil was charged with paying bribes in Bolivia, so it was said to be "immoral" and was nationalized. Marcona Mining was accused of polluting the sea. The seizure of Marcona came within a month of Peru's first anti-pollution law. Similar excuses brought cotton, steel, copper, communications, banking, power, shipbuilding, and fishing under government control.

The oil grift, however, was central. The International Petroleum Company (IPC) discovered Peru's first significant trans-Andean pool shortly before the revolution. The IPC was the first industry nationalized; it was charged with conspiring with the previous regime to rob Peru of the profits. At that time it appeared that there were immense oil reserves in the Amazon basin, an estimate which gained substance from extensive discoveries in Ecuador to the north. The IPC was snug against the Ecuadorean border. It was the only tract nationalized.

Propaganda Drumbeat

In a burst of enlightened exploitation, other tracts were let to foreign oil companies and the military drum beat out promises to the population and to the world banks that Peru was about to become as wealthy as the Arabs. The propaganda drum continued to resound long after the negative, discouraging reports of seismic and drilling crews had filled the libraries at Petroperu. Oil-starved Japan put up the money to build a pipeline over the Andes (to be repaid in oil or in cash). To some extent, the con worked. Early this year Peru went to Paris seeking $9 billion in credit from the

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World Bank. It came away with $3.5 billion. But about one billion of that will have to be paid to the Japanese since, it has become evident, there is not enough oil.

By the beginning of this year, it also became evident that the revolution was coming apart. Corruption was rife, shortages persisted in all goods, inflation was accelerating, conspicuous consumption on the part of the military was irritating the people, and the erosion of liberty, particularly the destruction of the free press, was provoking a mood of rebellion. There was also deep concern that the army, now well-equipped with modern Soviet arms, was thinking aggressively about Chile.

Since losing the Pacific War to Chile nearly a hundred years ago, Peru's military has cherished an all-but-religious thirst for revenge. With military assistance from the United States suspended last year, Chile had never been weaker. President Velasco, a strong nationalist above all, may well have harbored such a plan. When the Associated Press correspondent wrote in a dispatch last July that Peruvian Air Force maneuvers could be taken as a warning to Chile, she was promptly expelled from the country—always a sure sign in Peru that a journalist has touched a live nerve.

Opaque Army

Another indisputable sign that Velasco was leading the revolution in the wrong direction came during the police strike in February of this year. Like any strike by police it presented the government with an intolerable situation but, although a large military force was near Lima and able to take over police duties, there was no attempt to do so for more than 48 hours. Then, after bloodily suppressing the strikers, the army hesitated again and for more than seven hours did nothing to hamper the swarms of looters who picked clean the shops of downtown Lima. When the army did move, more than a hundred people were shot to death and many hundreds more were wounded.

The Peruvian military form a closed and opaque society. But one of the most persistent rumors regarding the police strike has been that elements within the army demanded, as the price of restoring order, that Velasco's government move against the forces of the extreme Left. It is significant that later, when officially fixing the blame for the disturbances, Velasco cited the unlikely coalition of the Socialists, the Maoists, and the CIA. It is also significant that within weeks a number of Maoist editors in the Peruvian newspapers were demoted or lost their jobs.

The defeat of the Maoists, however, cannot be understood as a triumph for capitalism. In Peru, as in Portugal, the political struggle takes place far to the left of center. The beneficiaries in these maneuvers are only the Soviet Left and the Soviet Union itself.

Earlier this year, a private communication between the leader of the Ecuadorian Communist Party and some of his lieutenants was intercepted and published by a newspaper in Quito. The letter told the party members of Ecuador that, while awaiting the world revolution led by the Soviet Union, their task was to support and infiltrate the military regime, to encourage nationalism and xenophobia, to support membership in OPEC and other anti-imperialist cartels, and to support the claim of a two-hundred-mile territorial limit. An identical program forms the ideological spine of the revolution in Peru.

The Soviet Union, moreover, is a palpable presence in Peru. It is engaged in several mighty public works and has lavishly supplied the Generals with the latest war matériel. Technicians and advisors are everywhere, so much so that the Chinese who run almost every *bodega*, or corner grocery store, are complaining that their expensive lessons in English were wasted. They must learn Russian instead.

The Soviet geopolitical eye has long since looked on Peru and found it good. Situated like a keystone in the continent's western arch, Peru borders on five other states where guerrilla efforts have been under way for a long time but suffer from the lack of a secure base of supply: Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil, Bolivia, and Chile. A thousand Ho Chi Minh trails could wriggle out of Peru exporting terror and destruction on the scale needed to wreck the neighboring regimes. Peru also has a thousand miles of storm-free coast fronting the South Pacific, the largest body of water on earth and, for a missile-launching submarine, the most secure.

It is an interesting sidebar that, when the Soviet project to build the world's largest fishing port at Paita, on Peru's north coast, was announced, rumors that it was to be a sub base for the USSR immediately began to circulate. To suppress these unwelcome *bolas*, as they are called, Velasco rounded up every journalist he could find and flew them north to prove that he had nothing to hide. At that stage of the project he had nothing to show, either. This past May, when the first stage of construction was completed, journalists were again trundled north to witness the dedication ceremonies. Lolling comfortably at the quayside were two Peruvian submarines in berths where far larger boats could be easily accommodated. Much of the public-relations benefit of the day perished in knowing snickers.

Revolution Continues

It was becoming obvious that the crude carnival deceits of Velasco's revolution were wearing thin. The Soviet Union, for one, was not likely to enjoy the threat to its considerable investments from reactionary forces of the far Left or the Right. It was less likely to want to have the carefully orchestrated campaign against Chile wrecked by an aggressive act on the part of the Peruvian Army. The coup d'état that brought Morales Bermudez to power came not a moment too soon.

Morales Bermudez, the moderate, the practical, the wise, has stated emphatically that the revolution will continue. His amnesty has allowed some Peruvians to return from exile, but the laws which drove them out are not rescinded, particularly the notorious Law of the Press. Many convictions and sentences rendered *in absentia* remain in force and prevent the return of notable opponents of Communism.

The new cabinet, moreover, reflects less a change toward moderation than a lessening of chauvinistic nationalism —and of the threat of precipitous action by the Peruvian Army. The leftward trek continues as before, and Lima still looks like an incipient Havana with Soviet technicians and advisors shoulder to shoulder in the restaurants and bars. As for General Morales Bermudez, his credibility may be capable of translating the carnival frauds of the revolution's first phase into something with the appearance of rational policy. Perhaps he can sell them to the Indians in the high country. □

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TRIUMPH OF IDEOLOGY?

The Fission of the Intellectuals

LEWIS S. FEUER

THE TERM "intellectual" has always been ambiguous. From the time it first gained currency—during the Dreyfus case—it suggested not only concern with things of the mind but also a certain estrangement from the prevailing culture and an attachment to political ideology. The critic Brunetière, responding to the Dreyfusard *Manifeste des Intellectuels*, thought it absurd for experts in allegedly value-free disciplines like astronomy to claim authority in politics and morals, and he imparted to the word "intellectuals" an irony it has never quite lost. When the word came into use in America early in this century it usually meant those who were regarded as rootless and irresponsible, possessing intellect without character.

During the Depression, a shift in the emotive connotation of the word "intellectual" began to take place in the United States. The business elite was bewildered, confused, and unable to suggest proposals beyond a patient attendance on economic forces for self-regulative adjustment; the labor elite wanted jobs but was still suspicious of such schemes as unemployment insurance. Numbered among the intellectuals were such figures as Rexford Tugwell, a professor of economics, an editor of *The New Republic*, and, above all, a believer in economic planning. The word "planning" became central for the group that grew in Washington, known as the "Phi Beta Kappa Revolutionaries." Roosevelt himself had little respect for ideologists such as John Dewey and later Harold Laski, who he thought had lost their sense of reality. But the economists seemed to him a relatively hard-headed group of scientists, and the notion spread that social science, particularly economics, could guide society out of its morass. What we might call the "intellectual as advisor" superseded the intellectual as estranged prophet.

In the aftermath of the Second World War, however, the intellectual as advisor fell into some disrepute; a Rexford Tugwell was replaced in the popular imagination by an Alger Hiss. It was during this period that intellectuals were labeled "eggheads," "double-domes," "long-hairs," and "bleeding hearts."

Until the Sixties, the intellectuals had conceived of themselves primarily as an advisory elite; their numbers had been too few for them to regard themselves as a class. By and during the Sixties, however, the unprecedented expansion of the universities created a new mass constituency, which, moreover, was exceedingly volatile and mobilizable. While the working classes, having become prosperous, lapsed back into their traditionalist mistrust of intellectuals as a would-be authoritarian elite, the standpoint of universities was still characterized by an ideological invariable: its members regarded themselves as the wisest and fittest to rule. Meanwhile, too, the universities acquired a further importance as the base for institutional intellectuals, providing the consultants, research teams, and library and laboratory facilities for a variety of projects from atomic research to African tribalism to Vietnamese culture and the Soviet Communist Party. It was part of an evolution from Little Brains to Big Brains, from Little Ideology to Big Ideology. The election of 1972 was a landmark in the history of the American intellectual class because for the first time it was able to dominate the national convention of a major political party. During the Sixties, as the political power of the intellectual class grew, the term "intellectual" acquired prestige.

ACCORDING TO Bruce Mazlish, in his book *In Search of Nixon*, even such persons as Richard M. Nixon and Henry Luce, the publisher of *Time*, both of whom had been unfriendly toward intellectuals, came to wish to be regarded as among them. A coalescing of the staffs of popular magazines, journals, and television operations with the university intellectuals also took place. The reviewers in the *New York Times Book Review*, for instance, came to be predominantly professors, and the books reviewed very largely the works of academic authors; this had not been the case in the Twenties. For the first time, a majority of the universities' social scientists seemed willing to enroll themselves among the intellectuals. From Kautsky to Stalin, Marxists had said that the intellectuals were a stratum, not a class; now based in the mass universities, in the cultural and communications industries, in institutions whose policies they themselves largely controlled, they had become a class.

There are signs, however, that a great fission is in the making among the world's intellectual class. It arises from the distinctions we might make among the middle intellectuals, the lower intellectuals, and the high intellectuals, or, put in political terms, the contrasts among the superiocrats, the mediocrats, and the inferiocrats. These distinctions began to emerge first in the Soviet Union. A small group of intellectuals like Lenin, Trotsky, and Bukharin had led a revolution in which the armed power was provided by soldiers, sailors, workers, and peasants. The bulk, however, of what was called the intelligentsia—civil servants, teachers, commercial and banking employees, doctors, and lawyers—had opposed the Bolshevik Revolution. Their spirit was broken during the terror. In the next decade, a new intelligentsia began to emerge whose culture was technical, and which was conditioned to abstain from philosophical and moral questioning. The last distinguished Communist sociologist, Nikolai Bukharin, described it in his essay "Culture in Two Worlds": "the vast majority of all the new intellectuals [our new proletarian intelligentsia] consists of technicians, engineers, and agro-technicians. The 'humanities' are far in the background. . . . We now often meet people who are perfectly at home in technology . . . but who do not have the least idea of ancient Greek tragedy." Trotsky complained that the mediocrities were taking over, but trusted this was a passing phase, due to psychological weariness.

The truth slowly emerged: though a socialist revolution might be first guided by high intellectuals, the society that emerged was one dominated intellectu-

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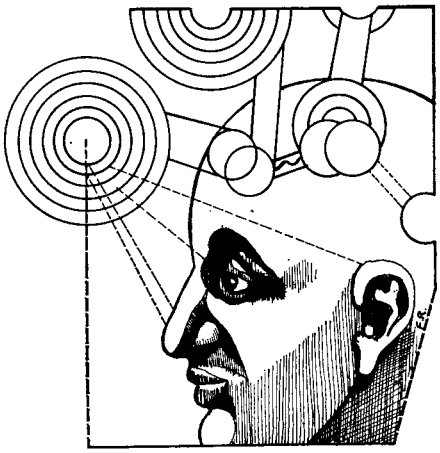
ally by mediocrats. In one field after another some mediocrity took advantage of his party position to humiliate, subdue, or destroy some scientific or literary genius. In genetics, an envious laboratory deputy conducted the secret police investigation of the famed scientist Nikolai Vavilov. In physics, Lev Landau and George Gamow were penalized by an ignorant party officialdom for accepting the theory of relativity. The fates of the novelists Babel and Pilnyak and the poet Mandelstam are well-known. The minutes of the Moscow Writers' Union have a remarkable record of the confrontation between the literary bureaucrats and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. The Soviet intellectuals have learned from experience certain sociological truths: in a planned socialist order, the mediocrats enjoy their high status on state committees, and take a certain pleasure in lording it over writers and scientists of genius.

The first-generation revolutionary intellectuals may have thought they were working both for their power and for the cause of intellectual liberty; fifty years later it is clear that the power went to the mediocrats, whereas the superior men lost their liberty. Under these conditions, a new type of intellectual has emerged in the Soviet Union; he repudiates all ideologies, regards them as myths and slogans that irrationalize people and prevent the different countries from meeting their planetary problems wisely; he rejects all historic missions and conceptions of historically elect classes; he has rediscovered eternal, universalistic values as opposed to the "dialectical" ones; he has scrapped Marxism, which for almost a hundred years provided the intellectuals with most of their ideas. In the Soviet Union, the regime endeavors to set the middle intellectuals against the high, much as fifty years ago it tried to set the rural poor and middle peasantry against the kulaks.

SOLZHENITSYN indeed has traced the stages of this process of the collectivization of the mind. From the beginnings of the Bolshevik Revolution, there were a series of trials designed to break the independent spirit of the intellectuals. Lenin had an enormous contempt for them. There were of course intellectuals in the leading ranks and the older membership of the party. These were destroyed. In *The Gulag Archipelago* Solzhenitsyn notes that the arrests that were carried out were "predominantly among Party members who had joined before 1924," and that "This mockery of the intelligentsia, this contempt for the intelligentsia, was subsequently adopted with enthusiasm by the publicists and newspapers of the Twenties and was absorbed into the current of day-to-day life." The engineers were deprived of the most elementary freedoms, and forced to accept "the dictatorship of their subordinates in industry, so little skilled or trained and comprehending neither the physical nor the economic laws of production, but now occupying the top positions from which they supervised the engineers." By 1930, especially after the trial of the



fictitious Industrial Party, "the word 'intelligentsia' got established here in Russia as a term of 'abuse.'" It was especially the higher talents who were rendered suspect. In every village, "this was the perfect time to settle accounts with them of jealousy, envy, insult."

The collectivization of the mind in this respect was not different from the collectivization of agriculture. If a student denounced a lecturer for not citing Stalin but only Lenin and Marx, that was "all that was needed for the lecturer not to show up for lectures any more." The definition of an intellectual under these conditions was the following: any educated person, with outstanding abilities, who is likely therefore to prize independence of mind. An intellectual was a person who refused to accept the dominant Bolshevik-Populist culture of the creativity of the masses, and refused to act masochistically with reference to his own intellect, to deny what he thought and saw. The Moscow trials, from this standpoint, were the most symbolic collective rite of the self-immolation of intellectuals' freedom; the mediocrats had humiliated the superiocrats. In the Seventies, the Soviet intellectuals, now known as the "dissidents," have taken up the contest against the dictatorship of the mediocrats.

Throughout the history of the intellectual class, there has been this tension between the superiocrats and the mediocrats. This has given rise to a peculiarly Western kind of intellectual, the "fellow-traveler"—that is, an intellectual who invokes universal values to justify what party bureaucrats do for their own power-motivated reasons, and who thus presumes that he has preserved his intellectual independence while acting as an apologist for the party mediocrats. This stance, however, becomes increasingly difficult to maintain during the long rule of the party mediocrats.

MEANWHILE, the emergence of Soviet dissidents is creating a schism in the international intellectual community. We might say that a phenomenon is taking place that arises from the "uneven development" of the world's intellectual class. In the United States and Western Europe, intellectuals still tend to advocate socialism as their avenue to power and to the overcoming of "alienation"; their animus is sometimes called "anti-American." But the intellectuals in the Soviet Union and European Communist countries have actually experienced socialism; they realize that this is not a society in which they rule, and that far from overcoming "alienation," they must watch their art, literature, and humanities languish under political controls. If it were not for the competition with the United States, the same would be the case in the sciences. All of John Stuart Mill's fears that a centralized, socialist, bureaucratic society would entail a mediocracy and a "liberticide" seem to have been realized. The intellectuals in the European Communist countries, therefore, tend to be pro-American. The standpoint of an Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is not that of *The New York Review of Books*. Among the Hebrews of ancient times, there was once a conflict between wisdom and prophecy; the current schism may well be between the ideologists and the scientist-philosophers, and the ideologists may yet succeed in banishing the latter from the ranks of the intellectuals. □

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LETTER FROM BEIRUT

11th, 12th, 13th Ceasefire

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

A FEW CIVILIANS emerged hesitantly from mortared and bullet-pocked houses, looked furtively around, and then, ever so cautiously, approached the fruit-seller's pushcart.

After a murderous fortnight which turned the "Switzerland of the Middle East" into a Biafra-like inferno, the appearance of Ahmed, the Greek Orthodox fruit vendor, on the once-glittering Avenue de Paris, succeeded in doing what countless pronouncements by Lebanon's Premier Karami had failed to do: convince the people of Beirut, as well as this correspondent, that a ceasefire was actually taking effect. The irony was obvious, and indicated the ineffectiveness of Lebanon's politicians.

The elegant apartment I had taken refuge in was situated on a direct line between three large hotels held by Phalangist Christians and the surrounding areas held by the Moslem Left. But the apartment's elegance soon disappeared in the crossfire of Christian recoilless rifles and Moslem rockets. Katia Shougaya, my Lebanese hostess, remained beautiful if hardly calm. "I am so embarrassed of my cellar," she breathed, as we crawled hastily down to it on our stomachs.

The ceasefire was the 13th in seven weeks. But it appears to be working, as of this writing. This does not mean that kidnappings, sniper fire, occasional roadblocks, arbitrary arrests by gunmen have stopped altogether.

That first bloody weekend in November had exhausted both sides. It was time for a break. Joint patrols of left- and right-wing forces maintained order in the troubled suburbs, while in the sea-front hotel district both sides began a gradual withdrawal. Or so the government said. But a suddenly cynical Katia laughed bitterly when she heard the withdrawal announcement over the radio. "The fighters need a rest, both sides need ammunition, and the people have to be let out to get more money so they can eventually buy their safety from the Palestinians," she said. And she came closer to the real reason why this ceasefire was working than all the grandiloquent announcements from the various ministries and heads of political parties.

Lebanon's reputation as an oasis of peace in the volatile Middle East held until 1967. Even after King Hussein expelled the Palestinians from Jordan in 1970 and they moved in on Lebanon, Beirut's cosmopolitan and flexible society continued to thrive. But sporadic fighting began last spring, and it turned to carnage in the closing weeks of October when the Moslems moved from harassment of the Christian community to all-out war, with the takeover of Beirut as their goal.

Despite the warning signs, life in the capital prior to the offensive remained sleepy and self-indulgent. The casino on the hilltop did a flourishing business, oil-rich Arabs descended in droves in search of pleasures denied them in their own countries, and the upper classes gathered at the *plage* of the St. George to swim, water-ski, drink rum punches, and talk politics.

VETERAN correspondents that say this round of fighting was the most difficult to cover. We literally didn't know where the next shot was coming from. Nor were there any sanctuaries: public buildings, ministries, embassies, hospitals—all became targets.

The fighting was factional and unfocused, and it took its toll on the innocent and the unarmed. Any American was a target for the Moslems. Phil Caputo of the *Chicago Tribune* was shot cold-bloodedly in the back, but managed to survive by crawling to safety.

I picked the Kantari district as the safest to work from. It lay between the seashore and the chic Hamra Street, Beirut's Fifth Avenue, and it had such usually safe buildings as the French and British embassies and the St. George Hotel, as well as the Holiday Inn, the Phoenicia, and the Excelsior.

But when the Moslem attack began in earnest, and the Christians looked for high ground from which to defend themselves, the high-rise Holiday Inn and Phoenicia were taken over. From that moment on it was obvious that one would not have to go out looking for news of the fighting. The teeth-chattering 50 mm machineguns raked the walls, splintered the Plexiglas windows, and provided new vistas for rooms until then without a view.

THROUGHOUT the week everyone had been assured by self-proclaimed "informed sources" that the Lebanese army would intervene. "They will come down in an armored column and escort us all to safety," said the manager of my hotel.

When it hit the fan and I, on all fours, fled the exposed lobby, I noticed the rotund manager hiding underneath some furniture. "Where is the effing army?" I screamed at him. He looked toward Mecca and tried even harder to squeeze under a phony Louis XV table.

After three days the Lebanese army finally did throw in an armored column and rescue the foreigners. More than four thousand Americans had already left Beirut; the rest, except for a few diehards, took advantage of the troop escort to get out. The Lebanese population, of course, had to stay put. While the government bickered and its individual members went on ego trips, three thousand died, six thousand were wounded, and tens of thousands were made homeless. And Lebanon's future could be compared to that of Czarist Russia in 1917.

Lebanon's tragedy was inevitable. Lebanon was an ancient bastion of Western influence. It had also managed to strike a unique political bargain of co-existence among its various sects. And, most important, it had avoided the fate of its neighbors, who had been in a state of war since 1948, and whose governments were all (with the exception of Israel) authoritarian. Given these facts it was not surprising that outside powers were eager to de-

(Continues on page 1491)

Mr. Theodoracopulos has also reported for NR *from the war zones of Cyprus, Vietnam, and Syria.*

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Moral Dishonesty

GERHART NIEMEYER

A SENSATIONAL BOOK by the German paleontologist Heinrich Erben maintains that mankind is probably a declining species. He points to certain parallels between extinct animal species that lost their fitness for survival because they were too protected by circumstances, and the human race as it exists today in its "plastic environment." Just as over-populous animal species developed an immaturity of behavior, so has man. To Erben's list of human immaturities (childishness in modern science, hedonistic search for thrills and kicks, increase in group violence), let us add another: moral dishonesty. This is strictly modern. The familiar types of dishonesty are fraud, cowardice, and intellectual dishonesty, all of which bend or sacrifice truth to myopic ends of self-preservation. Moral dishonesty, by contrast, arises unwittingly from an attempt to serve morality itself.

Let us look at two typical examples. First, the Communist threat. The modern world has often rallied in virtuous indignation against dictatorship and despotism, provided it occurs in Chile, Brazil, Spain, South Korea. The "logical crimes" of Communist regimes, however, go unnoticed or at least unmentioned. To be sure, Communist terror may well figure in a review of *Gulag Archipelago* but it is never allowed to come up in a discussion of foreign policy ("Cold Warrior!"). In thinking about detente we tend to see the Soviet regime as a normal government, its relations to its subjects as normal policies, its attitudes toward other countries as merely in the "national interest"—even though there is much evidence that says, It just ain't so. Evidence disturbing to attitudes of good will toward the Soviet Union is simply read out of court. The truth about Communism must not be known, so that "moral" feelings toward the Soviets may prevail. Why? One explanation is that certain people are incapable of perceiving any enemy on the Left and reserve all their hostility for the Right. That would simply be a case of bias, of which many of us are guilty at one time or another. More probably, however, it is a form of misguided decency that falsifies facts because mentioning them would seem to feed an (immoral) confrontation and thus endanger the (moral) cause of peace. The truth is conceived as an enemy of international goodness.

Means and Ends

A second case is busing. Forced busing for racial balance has proven detrimental to racial relations. It also runs counter to the fundamental principle that every person should be considered an end in himself and not be degraded to a mere means. Forced busing does thus degrade children. They are made the unwilling instruments of a bureaucratic goal, with little regard to their own good. The sober-minded can discern a taint of ugly inhumanity in forced busing, and also note the failure of the policy to achieve the desired public ends. The truth about busing, however, must not be seen, heard, or mentioned because if it were, a lack of good will toward blacks might then be inferred. The sacredness of one's moral disposition takes precedence over the integrity of truth.

Both instances of moral dishonesty have this in common, that they do not generate a bad conscience. Fraud, cowardice, intellectual dishonesty are accompanied by remorse because of the knowledge that the action is wrong. Self-will may govern our actions but it does not sit easy in our souls. Moral dishonesty, by contrast, not only considers itself guiltless but positively glows in self-righteousness while heaping moral condemnation on those who disagree. Their insistence on calling a spade a spade is branded as an unpardonable lack of good will.

What goes on here? I would call this particular "childishness" the *principled* subordination of reason to a distorted morality. Reason takes second place not to traditional morality but to subjective "moral" intentions and the emotional self-satisfaction of supporting a public cause seen as progressive. Morality is as old as mankind, but the notion that goodness consists in supporting allegedly beneficent public policies is a latecomer. Traditional morality has always dealt with persons and personal actions. No possible conflict between this morality and reason can be conceived. Indeed, Aristotle defined virtue as the disposition to govern our conduct by reason rather than passion. Traditional morality—either the Ten Commandments, Aristotle's list of virtues, or Christ's double love of God and our neighbor—can never pass off falsehood as the necessary price of goodness. That possibility belongs exclusively to modern progressivism, which describes as good certain public policies or actions that constitute the alleged way to future social goodness. And if the present is not immediately transformed by these policies, one must ignore that failure and pretend bravely that the hoped-for future is at hand, or else become guilty of heinous betrayal of the ideal. The progressivist public causes to which man's moral resolve has been mortgaged are the basis for the liberals' bigotry and hypocrisy. More than Tartuffe, who knew that he was lying, they suppress reason by not allowing the voice of truth to be heard even within their own hearts. A fraud of secular piety wholly engulfs their being, so that reason is dethroned.

Mephistopheles' Snare

"More than anything else, reason *is* man," said Aristotle. Variations on this theme have been heard through the centuries. Today, however, man is contracting from a rational being to a merely emotional being. At modern universities administrators happily accede to increasing demands for courses that do not teach but give emotional satisfaction. "The New Political Science" consists of selective ideas and facts that take the revolutionary resolve as their starting point and nourish its appetite for self-confirmation. Our "moral" guardians would hinder the CIA's intelligence-gathering, its pursuit of truth, when that truth might affront their misguided perceptions. It goes without saying that in the process not merely reason but morality itself is lost. For where reason and knowledge are despised, there Mephistopheles can easily snare Faust in the net of hell. □

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Campus Bookshops

EVER SINCE the Second World War, Behemoth State U. and Podunk Evangelical College have been in the bookselling business. They clearly don't know what they're about, on most campuses, and they positively discourage book lovers and potential book lovers. Such shops, usually in student unions (on the basement floor), are supposed to make money for the institutions that own them, but their profits, if any, must be negligible. No privately owned bookshop could possibly survive anywhere if operated on such lack of principles.

At reputable universities, of course, the institutional book outlet is overshadowed by more interesting and better-managed commercial bookshops close to the campus. But on the typical campus, bookselling has become a clumsy monopoly. At not a few colleges, management of the bookshop is turned over to a syndicated food-catering service, as a sideline. Most managers of such official bookshops would fail as dishwashers.

What's wrong with the student-union bookshop? Everything. It's interested in selling sweatshirts and college mugs rather than good books. Its staff often is incompetent and uncivil. The manager may not be intelligent enough even to order a sufficient number of copies of required textbooks for the beginning of a term. As for more lively books—why, there are masses of paperbacks, perhaps, that could be procured at any drugstore; there are a few shelves or racks of volumes labeled "Gift Books," usually lavishly illustrated and inordinately costly, intended as presents to fond parents; but there are virtually no *book* books, of the sort that students might like to buy.

The biggest segment of the book-buying public, in any country, consists of young people in college or graduate school. They may not have the means, but many of them are willing and eager to buy decent books anyway. At the store in the student union, the hungry sheep look up and are not fed. Indeed, they often find it impossible to buy a recent book by one of their own professors, if the college is fortunate enough to have any "published" scholars on its staff: the bookshop manager never heard of such dull dogs. He gets his stock from a jobber, and the jobber gets his from the bestseller lists or, at best, from a naive perusal of *Saturday Review* or the *New York Times Book Review*, if not from *The New York Review of Books*.

Even the standard reprint series (not so cheap nowadays) is absent from the shelves of the campus bookshop; so are most of the "quality" paperbacks. As for second-hand scholarly books—why, what self-respecting college manager would traffic in that dusty old trash? Or how could he distinguish a good old book from a worthless old book?

BUT AREN'T the prices lower at campus bookshops than at commercial bookshops? Decidedly they aren't, at the typical campus shop: no discount is passed along to the luckless student. The professors may get a 10 per cent discount, but they could obtain that on new books at any entrepreneurial shop. That hole on the basement floor of the union isn't a philanthropic institution. It is so badly run that, despite holding a virtual monopoly, often it has to be subsidized from the college's general fund.

What would I do to reform the campus bookstore? I'd get rid of it altogether, and let some man who knows books, and can run a small business, sell both textbooks and trade books, along with plenty of second-hand books, somewhere across the street from the administration building. At any decent-sized college, two or three such shops would arise, in competition, to everybody's benefit in quality, in quantity, and in civility. There's no more reason for Behemoth U. or old Podunk to sell books than there is for them to monopolize the merchandising of students' underwear.

But if the college president's heart would break should he part with his monopoly, or if American enterprise is so moribund locally that no commercial bookseller would hang up his sign, then I would pump some energy and imagination into the college's white mouse. First of all, I would fire the present typical manager, insultingly, and attract to the campus somebody who reads books and can ring up a cash-register. A likely candidate for this new managerial dignity would be some young unemployed PhD for whom there isn't room just now on the faculty, but who is bookish, sufficiently practical, and affable. He'd be grateful, and he'd know what to order.

Then I would pluck the shop out of the cellar, and set it in a conspicuous site on the campus. I'd put a conspicuous sign over the entrance, and good books in the windows, and invite the townsfolk, as well as professors and students, to browse. One would sell twice as many books that way.

Third, I would buy any number of second-hand books at auctions and out of folks' attics, and price them moderately, and make them available to precisely the young persons who need them. This is a good way of keeping library discards from the trash-heap, too.

Fourth, I would stock lots and lots of remainders, for there are hundreds of recent titles available from the remainder-houses, good books and often handsome ones, that students could acquire at a half or third of the original price on the jacket. (Most students aren't even aware that remainder-houses exist.)

Fifth, I would order directly from publishers, much of the time, rather than from jobbers; and I would make sure that professors were consulted about improving the selection. (Believe it or not, some college bookshops actually buy their non-textbook titles from jobbers at *full retail price*, unaware of retailers' discounts.)

Who made me an authority on bookshops? I did: I used to own a good one in a college town, and was a professor simultaneously. Up with academic moonlighters! Colleges don't employ physical cripples as head coaches, and I don't know why they should employ intellectual cripples as bookshop managers. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

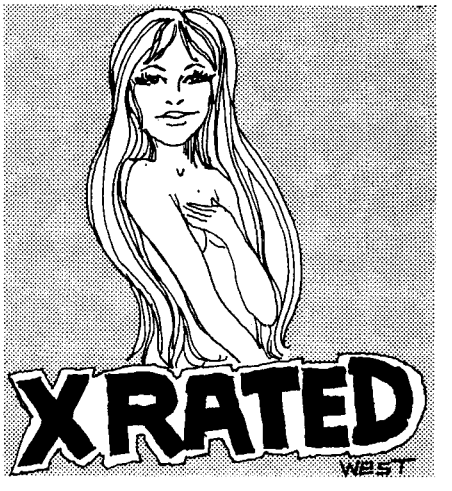
D. KEITH MANO

The Pornographer

Lloyd Kaufman has a beard: it comes on like last week's five o'clock shadow. His dark, disorderly-conduct hair feels at home with it, perhaps because Kaufman's schoolteacher wife trims both. The nose is strong, big; it could be a muscle. Somehow Kaufman appears artificially tanned: you sense that the coloring, a kind of Aramis maybe, might rub off on your finger. I'm hesitant: I can't help thinking, even at 10 P.M., that I've just gotten him out of bed. Kaufman is shy, self-deprecating. His posture seems an all-body shrug. Lloyd Kaufman, Yale grad, will be 29 next month. He speaks French and Chinese; he teaches at the School of Visual Arts. Kaufman is intelligent, honest, dedicated; an indefatigable worker. Lloyd Kaufman makes hard-core porn films.

They're good films, given the budget, given the rigid sexual canon which varies from X film to X film as menus vary from McDonald's drive-in to McDonald's drive-in. Kaufman has made a few modest G films, some broke even, but he can only get "substantial" backing for hard-core. Judith Crist called him "A young man of talent, wit, and potential." Vincent Canby said, "He has talent." Kaufman's latest skin song, *The Divine Obsession*, cost $70,000: $70,000 wouldn't buy the titles for a Hollywood trial horse flick. Mike Herz, his partner—an attorney, another Yale grad, another beard—tells me, "Everything Lloyd has done so far has produced results." That is: he makes films under budget and "gets a lot of value on the screen." The $70,000 came from "relatives, friends, friends of friends—and you don't want them to lose money, you have a responsibility." Kaufman and Herz keep solvent by pricing screenplays, putting trailers together, "hotting up" other people's films (slipping porn scenes into a box office dog). "We barely pay the rent," says Kaufman, "but we don't have any debts. We're film-makers, that's what's important. I find the sex bits a bore, but at least we're making films. We're learning."

I can sympathize. No, I'll do better than that: I can empathize. Back ten years ago, when I was an actor, someone offered me the lead in this 16 mm



nudie feature. I'd been out of legit work for five months: I accepted. The role had some potential as a showcase, though I'd be showcasing all but the soles of my feet. At least it was work, camera experience. Then the director put me on a hard-boiled-egg diet to lose ten pounds in ten days. It was only after the 15th hard-boiled egg that morality asserted itself. I quit and had three club sandwiches on the way home.

Young actors, young directors are terribly vulnerable. They can't do their own thing: their own thing depends on other people, hardware, cash. At this moment Actors' Equity reports that 75 per cent of its union membership is unemployed. In 1974 over one hundred films were produced for major distribution: a low figure. In 1975 hardly more than half that number were produced. It's hard to criticize Kaufman. I've written six novels: if each had required $70,000 in front money, I'd still be making cement full-time. And if fictional locations had to be leased, if good characters were on salary, if paper cost what film costs ($80 for a 400-foot load in 35 mm, about 4½ minutes' worth) there would be few rewrites and you'd get some pretty unadroit first novels.

Conservatives have a comfortable stereotype of the porn film-maker. I don't need to tell you what it is. Kaufman says, "I'm not right-wing, but I'm not a socialist either. How could I be? I'm a small businessman." *Divine Obsession* isn't propaganda for sex-lib as were, say, *The Tropics of Cancer* and *Capricorn*. It's a film; the only kind he can afford to make. Kaufman agrees with the Supreme Court decision. "I don't think children should see X-rated films. We pick out theaters very carefully. I wouldn't want *The Divine Obsession* to embarrass or affront any small community."

BUT, Herz reminds me, the Supreme Court decision is unclear. "Suppose we show a film in Times Square and it isn't obscene. A theater owner in St. Louis wants to show it: how do we know if it's obscene in St. Louis? And technically if we sent a film from New York to St. Louis, the Feds could get us for shipping pornography across state lines, even in the states between New York and Missouri where it wasn't shown. A federal bust would put us out of business. Or suppose *Divine Obsession* is duped illegally by someone and that someone screens it in Des Moines? [Pirated copies of Kaufman's films have been featured in several states.] We might win the case, but legal costs would kill us."

You know me well enough by now: this column isn't a brief for the mass distribution of X-rated films. Most skin flicks are exploitative swill. Nonetheless, pornography is a subject that conservatives have trouble thinking clearly about, whether out of innocence or fear or native disgust. A recent *NR* editorial [Oct. 11] stated that "Pornography represents in pure form the abolition of the public-private distinction . . ." Unless "pornography" is given a modifier—"ubiquitous" or "state-sponsored"—that neat aphorism

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makes no sense at all. From the walls of Pompeii, through *Ulysses*, to *Deep Throat*, pornography has existed without having any effect whatever on the "public-private distinction." Lloyd Kaufman got backers for *Divine Obsession* because consenting adults wanted to see it. Does *Divine Obsession* have that magic and indefinable quality, "redeeming value"? I think so. But even if it were trash, pornography has a crucial role in the growth of film as art. Under "Francis Ford Coppola," *The Film Goer's Companion* says, "American writer-director who graduated from nudie movies." Coppola's nudies may have been exploitative swill, I don't know, but *Godfather I* and *II* have redemptive value that no federal judge could have foreseen. □

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Outside the SMQ

As *NR* was observing its twentieth anniversary as a magazine, I was observing my tenth as its reader. I was a college student in 1965 when I picked up my first copy of *NR*, and awoke from my dogmatic slumber. Though naturally of a conservative disposition, I had been taught to think that enlightened political opinion was, as one of my teachers had discreetly told me, "a little bit pinkish." I had accepted this as one of those oppressive facts of life, and left the whole subject of politics to those possessed of that strange appetite for banality, while I frolicked away my youth in the embrace of Shakespeare.

How liberating, then, to find this little magazine, so bright and literate and pungent, speaking of politics, and even of politicians, as if they were interesting. And by the mass, they *were* interesting! What a shock to find the subject treated in something besides the familiar bland editorialese, that monotonous incantation of the Great Sect of our time, whose high-minded votaries are so soothing in their indignation, so alarming in their reassurances. No, here was prose full of real anger and laughter, both fused in wit, softened by charity and self-mockery. Who but *NR*'s editors would begin the first issue after Kennedy's murder by announcing, regretfully, that their patience with President Lyndon Johnson was exhausted? How restorative; how gracious.

Perhaps the point is best made by contrast with another magazine whose excellence I toast. In many ways no finer magazine than *Commentary* exists. Yet it has the defects of its virtues, summed up bluntly by friends of mine (who read both magazines faithfully) in the word "humorless." The tone is a little too solemn and troubled—not because Mr. Podhoretz has forgot to include cartoons and party jokes, but because his magazine is devoted to what are called *ideas* and *issues*. Its conservatism, so to call it, is entirely thoughtful, because it is (or presents itself as) entirely thought: all reasoned, deduced, concluded, what Newman called notional. It aims at unexceptionable abstractions—a worthy aspiration—and it achieves them. At its high level of generality, with the aid of very little earthiness, it absorbs and edifies.

But NATIONAL REVIEW was always fun. Fun because its approach is *real*, rather than merely notional. Its conservatism has always attached to things, people, places, facts. Not that it has lacked ideas; it has always offered the sublimer pleasure too, what with contributors like Willmoore Kendall, James Burnham, Milton Friedman, Ernest van den Haag, and others whose gifts for sheer analysis remind us that thought itself is an adventure. Still, *NR*'s chief virtue has always seemed to me its courage in standing its ground even when the authoritative ideas of the day were against it. ("Ideas" has in fact become a tendentious term: as in "persecution of ideas," which generally means "hostility to liberalism.")

IF A FANATIC is a man who redoubles his efforts when he has forgotten his reasons, *NR* was willing to persist in its efforts before its reasons were fully explicit, while much of the world denied there were any reasons. Its conservatism was frankly rooted in concrete and local things, addressed with love and loyalty, faith and habit, piety and prepossession. *Commentary* has always reasoned intelligently, but so have the men who have done the great mischief of this century. *NR* has been wise enough to see and feel and taste intelligently as well—even to laugh and curse intelligently. Never for a moment has it affected the posture of those who seem to have been made by some other deity than Nature. It knew, and knew instantly: that, for instance, Eleanor Roosevelt was funny, and that Joseph Stalin was a monster. It knew *why* she was funny and he monstrous; but it knew *that* before it knew *why*, and proceeded always on the sane assumption

that *that* came before *why*. One might almost say it took its bearings from its jokes. In this direct and hearty response to reality, it proved that it really was conservative; which the liberals proved again by complaining that it really wasn't conservative. (Only liberalism, you know, is really conservative.)

"When speculation has done its worst," says Dr. Johnson, "two and two still make four." The vital thing about *NR* was that sentiment, boldly asserted without reference to whether it had been vindicated once and for all by Russell and Whitehead. And *NR* stood up to defend the West in the same spirit: liberty was under attack, and deserved our devotion and protection whether or not this was admitted in enlightened circles. When the tenured heretics of the day were unanimously propagating the certitude that nothing is certain, a despised little party rose to mutiny for orthodoxy. And they have been partly rewarded: though these things are never settled, a great deal of speculation has tended to vindicate them—as has a great deal of the history they stood athwart. The missionary ambitions of states have produced ruin, confusion, oppression. Communism has refused to let itself be domesticated. The United Nations has sunk to a degree of perversity that embarrasses even its warmest advocates of yesteryear. Democratic welfarism has debased currencies, inflamed appetites, increased

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dissension and discontent. Arthur Schlesinger has given up on the Presidency.

Ah, yes. Arthur Schlesinger. Mrs. Roosevelt. Chester Bowles. Harriet Van Horne. Hubert Humphrey. Bella Abzug. These are but a few of the characters whose antic utterances have so enlivened *NR*'s pages these last twenty years. Should a magazine be "above" personalities? Heaven forbid. Apart from the fun of running gags, it is instructive to see such exemplars of right thinking—who, after all, trade heavily on reputation and personal authority (and who comment acidly enough on those who oppose them)—deflated. For all the cant about "openness to ideas" (that word again!), they cooperate to impose an ersatz consensus on the rest of us. It is interesting that four of the largest publications in the country, *Reader's Digest*, *TV Guide*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *New York Daily News*, are all staunchly conservative—and all lie outside the great liberal System of Mutual Quotation, by which the respectable fictions of the day are established and sustained. The great achievement of NATIONAL REVIEW has been to juxtapose this System and its spokesmen with the real world. That is why reading *NR* has always given me a hilarious sense of liberation; why it so keenly mortifies others; and why there is probably no other magazine in America so loved and hated. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

The Spirit of Christmas

Many of us get the blues at Christmas, at least part of the time, and I'm no exception. Ah, the remembrance of things past, when one was a child at home, or when one had small children, now parents themselves. However, I have evolved a splendid way of getting over my miseries, a kind of *Tod und Verklärung* of my own, so to speak. On a day when I feel awful, I put on a record of *A Christmas Carol*, read by John Barrymore, old, but still powerful enough to make one's blood freeze. Then I pour myself a good stiff drink, champagne in good years, gin in others, and listen to Dickens' heartwarming drivel, weeping like mad, as any person of sensitivity and sensibility must. During the hour this takes, I also contemplate the things which I left undone and those I ought not to have done, so more tears, more drink, more Barrymore.

This is the *Tod* part of it. *Verklärung* begins with a nap, unavoidable after so much misery. Knowing I have nowhere to go but up, I go to the kitchen and get out all the things I need for baking Christmas cookies. Anticipating the Christmas blues, I have stocked up on ingredients, against the day I shall need them. The baking usually starts while I'm still weeping. Since it is rather difficult to weep while measuring flour (though it can be done), my tears diminish by and by, and I feel better and better. After the first finished batch of cookies I feel so redeemed, so virtuous at the thought of the pleasure they are going to give to my loved ones and the good impression they are going to make on those who do not love me, so that they will love me too, that I am all inspired to make more cookies.

ONE OF THE recipes, the French Almond Hearts, a rather non-sweet cookie, comes from a friend of my mother's, a lady known to us as "La Veille d'un Crime," the eve of a crime. This lady had a daughter who had made an unfortunate marriage to a Persian, and her mother desired to avenge her abused lamb. She spoke constantly of the situation, assuring us that she was on the eve of a crime. We did not think she would really get to Persia, since in three years she had not gone further from Paris than Rome, and we put her talk down to Gallic exuberance. But La Veille d'un Crime did get to Persia eventually, shot her son-in-law, was declared innocent by the courts for I know not what reasons, took her daughter back to France, and married her off to a prosperous provincial lawyer.

Note: You'll notice that the two recipes leave you with four egg whites. Freeze them for the time being and use them later for the Quick Apple Dessert. To freeze, put the egg whites into a spotlessly clean glass jar such as a jam jar. (It must be very well rinsed because any trace of foreign matter makes it impossible to beat egg whites stiff.) Close tightly, and freeze. Thaw completely before using.

S Cookies

⅓ cup butter (it must be butter)
½ cup sugar
1 egg
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon ground mace
2 cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
Colored sprinkles or chopped nuts

Cream the butter until soft. Gradually beat in the sugar; beat until fluffy. Beat in the egg and then one of the egg yolks. Beat in the mace. (You may use an electric mixer, but *not* a blender.) Sift the flour with the baking powder. Add to the first mixture, a little at a time. Knead the dough with the hands until smooth. Form into a ball, wrap in plastic or waxed paper and chill for one to two hours. Pre-heat oven to 350°. Snip off little pieces of dough and, with your hands, roll them into 3-inch pencil-thick sticks. Form into the shape of the letter S or other letters; in this case, you may need longer sticks of dough. Put the letters on a greased and floured cookie sheet and let stand at room temperature for ten minutes. Beat the remaining egg yolk with one tablespoon water. Brush the cookies with a pastry brush dipped into the beaten egg. Top with sprinkles or chopped nuts. Bake for ten to twelve minutes or until the cookies are almost golden brown; they should be on the

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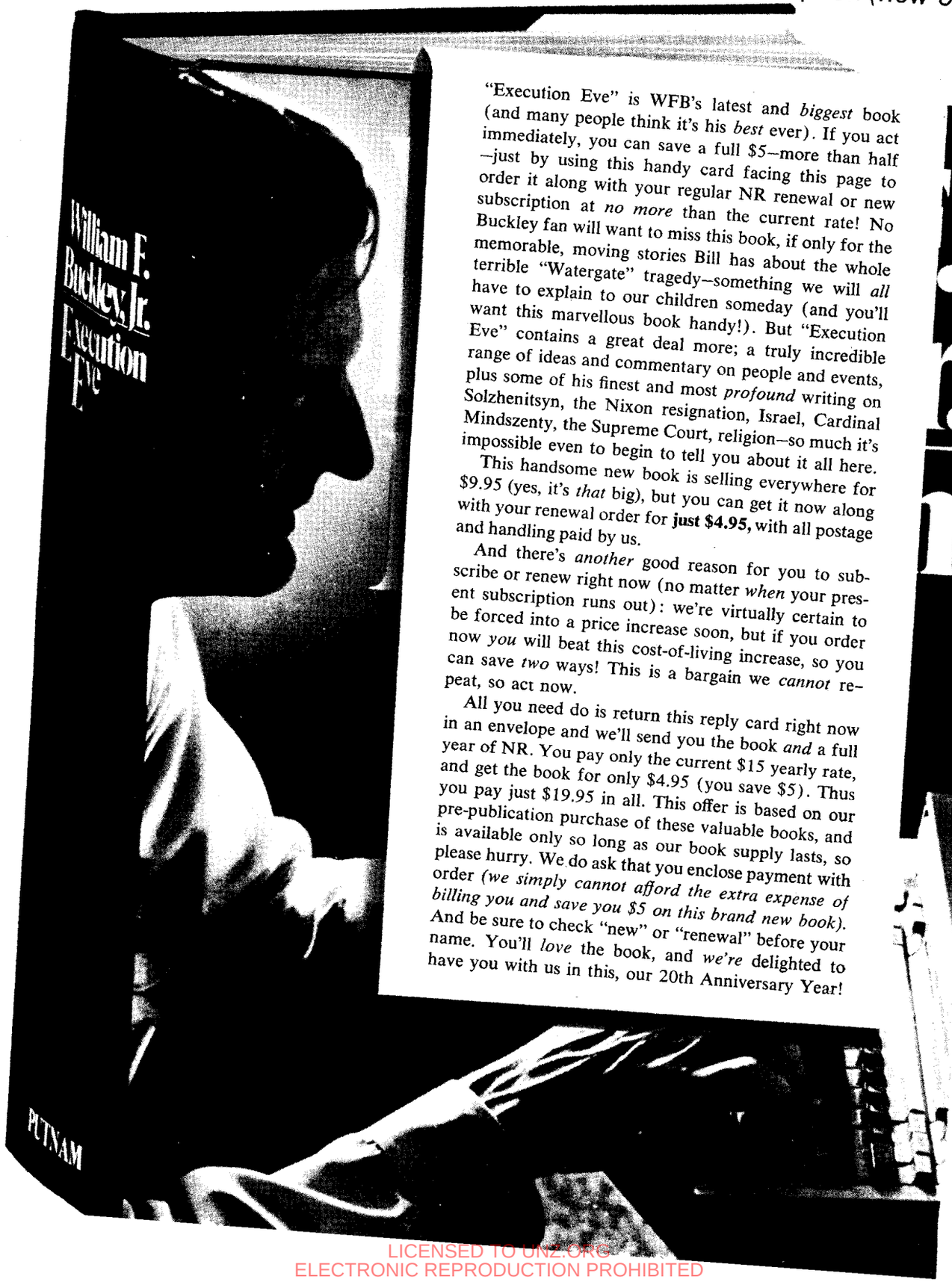

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pale side. Cool for two minutes and then transfer the cookies with a spatula to the kitchen counter or a tray and let them cool completely. Yield: About forty cookies.

French Almond Hearts

1 cup butter (it must be butter)
½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
2½ cups flour
1½ cups finely ground almonds
Blanched almond halves

Cream the butter until soft. Gradually beat in the sugar. Beat in one of the egg yolks and the lemon juice. Add the flour and the ground almonds. Knead the dough with the hands until smooth. Form into a ball, wrap in plastic or waxed paper, and chill two to three hours. Pre-heat oven to 350°. Roll out small portions of the dough to the thickness of ¼ inch. Cut with heart-shaped cutters. Place the cookies on greased and floured cookie sheets. Beat the remaining egg yolk with one tablespoon water. Brush the cookies with a pastry brush dipped in the beaten egg. Push one blanched almond-half into the middle of each cookie. Bake for about ten minutes or until barely golden. Cool for two minutes and then transfer the cookies with a spatula to the kitchen counter or a tray and let them cool completely. Yield: About sixty three-inch cookies.

Quick Apple Dessert

Adjust the amount of lemon juice according to the sweetness of the apples. Make the dessert just before the meal since it will not hold up for very long.

2 to 3 tablespoons sugar
3 to 4 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
Dash of salt, ground ginger, and ground nutmeg
3 cups grated peeled apple
4 egg whites
¼ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Put the first five items into a bowl and mix well. Stir in the apples. Beat the egg whites until they stand up in soft peaks. Gradually beat in the sugar, one tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Gently fold in the apple mixture. Pile into a glass serving dish and sprinkle with the cinnamon. Refrigerate until serving, but serve as soon as possible. Makes four to six servings. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Indefectibles

Leonid Brezhnev is one smart cookie. That's why he welcomed the suggestion of that mysterious millionaire, Dr. Armand Hammer, that there was no better way to celebrate the joys of detente than by extensive loans of Soviet-owned art to the United States. Recently, the special risks inherent in most cultural exchange must have become more and more obvious to Soviet leaders: their ballet dancers defect, so do their musicians and writers, while even highly paid scientists are embarrassingly eager to give up their dachas for the delights of basic research in Western laboratories. But masterpieces of art, noncontroversial as long as their creators are securely dead and buried, are safe. They won't defect. And they attract hordes of viewers subliminally grateful to the Soviet Union for letting them look at its treasures—the fine Impressionist paintings shown in 1973, last year's Scythian gold, and now a small but superlative selection of pictures

from Leningrad's Hermitage Museum, lent in honor of the Bicentennial. After a month in Washington's National Gallery, it was shown in New York at Knoedler's (whose president, surprise, surprise, is Dr. Hammer), traveled to the Detroit Art Institute in November and then to the Los Angeles County Museum (December 16 to Janury 27), and will wind up at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston (February 3 to March 6).

The lines were as long at Knoedler's as they were in Washington, and rightly so, for with only minor caveats the pictures are marvels, especially the two Rembrandts—*Saskia as Flora*, painted just before the artist's marriage, and the glowing, haunting *David and Uriah*, a product of his old age—not to mention the Caravaggio, the Poussin, the Rubens landscape, the brilliant Matisses. Yet amid the general euphoria this show inevitably generates, it is well to remember that these works were acquired not by Russia's Communist masters but by their hated predecessors, the Czars; indeed, one of the most autocratic of all these autocrats, Nicholas I, was the first to install some of the royal art holdings in a public museum, opened in 1852. The great twentieth century works, the Cézannes, Gauguins, Picassos, Matisses, were bought in the early 1900s by two Moscow merchants (that's what the catalogue calls them, not "capitalists") and expropriated after the revolution. For long years these "decadent" masterpieces were off limits to Soviet citizens, though selected foreigners were allowed a look-see.

To Communists, art treasures are useful only insofar as they can be used for political purposes. During the revolution, no attempt was made to preserve the marvelous icons that represent Russia's artistic as well as its religious heritage. On the contrary, those that were not wantonly destroyed were sold off indiscriminately, one of the most avid buyers being the same Dr. Armand Hammer, then a young man just beginning his wheelings and dealings with the Kremlin; he made one of his early fortunes marketing them in Paris and New York. In 1937, strapped, as usual, for hard currency, Soviet leaders dissipated more of Russia's artistic legacy by surreptitiously disposing of some of the Hermitage's greatest pictures—rare van Eycks, Rembrandts, Raphaels, and much more—in the West; twenty of these works were bought by Andrew Mellon and are among the glories of our own National Gallery; others hang on the walls of the Metropolitan and other museums. Even today, art historians are considered a dangerous breed by Soviet authorities; only the most "reliable" are permitted to travel abroad or even to read scholarly journals originating in America or Europe—though to the untutored eye nothing could seem less subversive.

The plight of Soviet artists is more familiar to Westerners, so it is hardly surprising that the 12 Russian pictures included in this exhibition were all painted long ago. The experts, Ameri-

(Continues on page 1493)

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BOOKS

Notes from WGDB*

JOHN TOWER

If Men Were Angels: A View from the Senate
James L. Buckley
Putnam, 284 pp., $8.95

In *The Federalist* No. 51, James Madison gave the people of the state of New York a succinct explanation of the theory underpinning republican government: "What is government itself, but the greatest of all reflections upon human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on government would be necessary. In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place, oblige it to control itself."

In this book, which takes its name as well as its inspiration from Madison's dictum, Senator James Buckley continues to educate Americans about the difficulties of government "administered by men over men." In nine tightly written chapters spanning 284 pages, Senator Buckley discusses the major problems confronting America today, and proposes for them remedies which Madison would have understood and approved.

Senator Buckley demonstrates that he is on the side of the angels on such issues as:

Crime and justice:

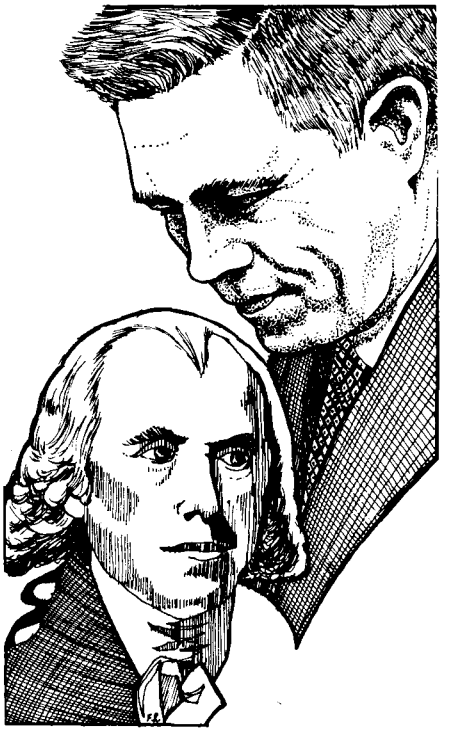
"If the law is in any way tolerant or indulgent, criminals will be the first to discover the fact. And should they nevertheless run afoul of the law, they cannot help but form a cynical opinion about a legal system in which punishment, precisely because it is employed halfheartedly or irregularly, is thought of as being employed inequitably."

The Supreme Court:

"Elegant theories of constitutional law have a very different impact in the everyday world that most of us inhabit than may be apparent in the rarefied atmosphere of the Supreme Court's chambers. Constitutional rule-making in a nation as complex as ours should always be tempered by a healthy dose of common sense. Indeed, if there is a single fault—and there are many—common to the great gush of precedent-shattering decisions of the last twenty years, it is the persistent indulgence of ideological abstraction at the expense of common sense."

National defense and foreign policy:

"The adequacy or inadequacy of a nation's defenses is determined not by considerations of domestic priorities, but by the power relationships within which that nation must operate. And we must keep in mind that in the real world, no country can conduct an effective foreign policy without a military capability which is appropriate to its responsibilities."



If *If Men Were Angels* consisted exclusively of elaborations of Senator Buckley's views on these and other issues, it would be worth the price of purchase. The views expressed in the book are of course nothing new to those of us who have listened to him in the Senate, or to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, who have been kept well-informed of the activities of the "sainted junior senator." But there can never be enough sound expositions of the conservative philosophy, and Senator Buckley does an especially fine job.

BUT HE gives us more than that. The book is enlivened and the philosophical points are underlined by anecdotes—some amusing and some harrowing—from his Senate experience. He is as good a reporter as he is a conservative theoretician, and the reader is given an excellent insight into how this government "of men over men" actually functions—and malfunctions.

In my view, the most valuable chapter in the entire book is the fourth, entitled: "Congress: How Strong a Reed?" The chapter begins with a detailed account of a typical week in the life of a U.S. Senator, and gives an explanation of how the Senate is organized and how it operates. In Senator Buckley's view, which I share, it doesn't operate very well:

> The present-day demands on a senator are such as to make it virtually impossible for him to find the time for any consecutive thought or any detailed study of the mass of legislation that

*World's Greatest Deliberative Body.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JANUARY BOOKS. Touted as controversial: Admiral Elmo Zumwalt's memoir, *On Watch* (Quadrangle, $10). . . . Jean Lacouture profiles *Malraux* for Pantheon ($12.95), and Malraux ruminates about *Picasso's Mask* (Holt, $10). . . . Otis L. Graham Jr. sees us moving *Toward a Planned Society*, likes what he sees, credits Roosevelt and—Nixon (Oxford, $7.95; paper, $2.95). . . . Daniel Bell's *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism* will generate major reviews (Basic, $12.95). Same for Donald Barr's *The Presumptuous Schoolbooks*, also from Basic ($10.95). Still another important one from Basic, Nathan Glazer's *Ethnic Inequality and Public Policy*, takes a dim view of "affirmative action" ($10.95). . . . Reissued: Lucky Lindy's *Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribner's, $12.50). . . . Abraham J. Briloff, the scourge of shady accountants, exposes a few more in *More Debits than Credits: The Burnt Investor's Guide to Financial Statements* (Harper, $12.95). For the same house, Hanson W. Baldwin reviews WW II up to Pearl Harbor in *The Crucial Years: 1939-1941* ($16.95). . . . Herman Kahn's latest scenario embraces *The Next 200 Years* (Praeger, $8.95; paper, $3.95). . . . Patrick J. Buchanan tries to settle the problem of *Conservative Votes, Liberal Victories* for Quadrangle ($8.95).

■ *New York Post* owner Dorothy Schiff is limned by Jeffrey Potter in *Men, Money, and Magic* (Coward, $10.95). . . . Michael Grant reappraises *The Fall of the Roman Empire*. Heavily illustrated (Potter; $12.95 to March 31, then $14.95). . . . Jack Valenti calls erstwhile boss LBJ *A Very Human President* (Norton, $9.95). For the same house, another ex-presidential aide, Clark R. Mollenhoff, looks back sourly on his years with Nixon in *Game Plan for Disaster* ($9.95). . . . *Up from Nigger* is how Dick Gregory characterizes his odyssey (Stein & Day, $8.95). . . . Hedrick Smith, ex-*N. Y. Times* man in Moscow, portrays *The Russians* (Quadrangle, $12.50).

■ FILMS. In England, Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are working on *Robin and Marian* for Columbia. . . . For MGM, Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire are putting together, you guessed it, *That's Entertainment, Too*. . . . *Race for Your Life, Charlie Brown* will be a full-length cartoon. . . . Disney landed David Niven, Darren McGavin, and Herschel Bernardi for *No Deposit, No Return*. . . . Rossellini is filming *The Messiah* in Rome and Tunisia. . . . *Reader's Digest* is backing Glenda Jackson as *Sarah*. . . . James Herriot's *All Things Bright and Beautiful* should be ready before many months.

reaches the floor, or even much of the legislation that flows through the committees of which he is a member.

Inevitably, senators have come to place major reliance on members of their individual or committee staffs for an analysis of the issues, an examination of relevant facts, and a definition of policy alternatives. And just as inevitably, as the press of business crowds out their ability to focus on the matters before them, members of the Senate find themselves reduced on an ever-larger scale to making essentially snap judgments on the basis of information and a description of policy options made by usually highly informed and intelligent individuals whose views are nevertheless freighted with their own goals and prejudices.

As WE in the Senate have learned, Jim Buckley is not the kind of man who can identify a difficult problem without proposing responsible solutions to it. The proposals that Senator Buckley makes for procedural reforms in the Senate should be given thoughtful consideration by all serious students of the legislative process. Among those that have my wholehearted endorsement are:

—Redefinition of committee responsibilities to reduce jurisdictional disputes among committees.

—Reorganization of the Senate calendar so that senators can concentrate on committee business during one part of the legislative year and on floor action during the other.

—A greater time lag between when a bill is reported out of a committee and when it is acted upon on the Senate floor, to give senators who are not members of the pertinent committee adequate time to study the proposed legislation.

—A ban on unprinted amendments, at least on appropriations bills. I agree with Senator Buckley that there is "no excuse for a system that will permit acting on legislation under circumstances which make it impossible for the vast majority to have any understanding of what it contains."

I agree also with his conclusion that the most needed reform is a restoration in fact as well as in name of the federal system of governmental responsibilities conceived by the Founding Fathers:

> We have paid a tremendous price for the fact that Congress has expanded federal responsibility to the point where the legislative body is no longer able to do anything very well. It has stretched itself, in fact, to the point where it is now failing significantly in those areas that uniquely belong to the Federal Government, such as national defense, international relations, and economic policy. Finally and most importantly, the Congress has been failing to preserve and cultivate those concepts of restraint and self-reliance and self-discipline and limited governmental responsibilities on which our liberties ultimately depend.

What impresses me most about this thoughtful book, though, is that Senator Buckley had the time to write it while still devoting full attention to his duties in the Senate. That he would even undertake the effort speaks well for Senator Buckley's devotion to the task he has set for himself, to be one of those "who help define the positions to be reconciled, for they are the ones who define the limits of possible actions and the reasons for taking one course or another." That Senator Buckley has performed the task so well in *If Men Were Angels* is yet another proof that he is a vital national asset. □

Jesus
By Malcolm Muggeridge
Harper & Row, 191 pp., $17.95

MUGGERIDGE'S MILESTONE

MALACHI B. MARTIN

This book on Jesus will come as no surprise to those who have followed Malcolm Muggeridge's developing approach to religious reality. But it will be a source of puzzlement to many of our contemporaries. The book is constructed in a very simple way. It has an underlying biographical structure, fluid and flexible, which reproduces the main events of Jesus' life to Resurrection and beyond. Around this, Muggeridge has woven a running commentary. Of course, there is nothing new in the life of Jesus; it is the best known of all

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human lives, although it lacks much detail. It is, rather, Muggeridge's commentary which will puzzle many, please many others, and perhaps at a later date be noted as one of the first serious attempts to approach the life of Jesus in a way that runs counter to the fashion which has prevailed since the middle of the eighteenth century. Biographies and commentaries of Protestant and Catholic provenance have been dominated by the "scientific" attitude to the Bible which was adopted during the Enlightenment and reached its apogee in the first half of the twentieth century. The principle behind this attitude was: gather as much information as you can from the real sciences like anthropology, history, physics, archaeology, psychology; with this array of data, comment on the primitive records about Jesus; having thus extracted whatever "objective" and "historical" content may fortunately have been preserved, then reconcile the results of that inquiry with what you believe. The search for the "historical" Jesus, the *real* Jesus, was on.

As an endeavor, the whole thing was a foredoomed failure. The presumption and rule of thinking behind this undertaking was that real knowledge was exclusively factual, and that genuine meaning was co-extensive with material proofs. Apart from the idiocies and exoticisms that resulted from it all, the acceptance of this approach to the New Testament meant inevitably that Christians ended up believing that the Gospels do, indeed, mirror what people believed at the time they were written (say, in the last third of the first century), but that from them we could really *know* nothing accurately about Jesus. We could only know what those writers *thought* they knew. And, of course, under the rules of the game, this meant we knew nothing. Belief evaporated into wishes that "it all meant something somehow," as Chesterton commented.

For if you decide beforehand that the New Testament means only what the scientific approach can find in it, you have foreclosed on one vital point: the nature of the New Testament and of what it is saying. It would be as valid as deciding that the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" could only be evaluated with chemical formulae: either we have a real urn or not; and either Keats is saying something about that real urn and its real chemistry or not . . .

Muggeridge takes a different approach. He starts with the fact that the New Testament was written to convey a religious meaning and to be a manifesto of religious belief, and that therefore it can only be understood with a believing mind. His commentary will be nonsensical to those who look for "objective reasoning." There is none. There is only—and quite adequately—the perception of faith constantly weaving back and forth within and around the structure of Jesus' life, highlighting the meanings of Jesus' actions, and delineating the mysteries which are our human means of approaching Jesus during our mortal lives.

The book is affected by Muggeridge's limitations. He is an *enfant du siècle* living in a theater of longing rather than in a calm and self-possessed radiance of faith. He obviously fudges on the question of Jesus' Church, and on Mary. It is an obvious fault. Muggeridge does believe, you feel, in God, Jesus, the afterlife, etc., but, when he is just about to say so, he dilutes his assertions with a smidgeon of vagueness. But despite this, and despite a tiny tendency to be lugubrious, even lachrymose in his joy at believing, *Jesus* is a small but definite milestone. With its judiciously chosen illustrations from great art, it makes a welcome Christmas gift and consoling reading for quiet moments. To those who once wavered, as for those who once lost but then found faith, this book may well give the "kindly light" for which John Henry Newman prayed. □

The Living Principle
By F. R. Leavis
Oxford, 264 pp., $12.95

LEAVIS' GREATNESS AND MANIPULATIVE COLDNESS

HUGH KENNER

F. R. Leavis is eighty now, unsettling and unclubbable* as ever, still writing that gnarled prose they grin at in England, where it seems not thinkable that an idiom for the fixing of elusiveness might display instructive affinities with middle-period Henry James. Encountered at its best, his manner can teach you what I began to learn from it 27 years ago, that nuances of response and sensibility really are inductively enforceable, are not matters of whim or opinion, nor assertions of the critic's personality.

"At its best" means supremely in *Revaluation* (1936), where Leavis is continuously at his best because his powers—those of a pedagogue of genius—are bent on teaching what is normally unteachable, the habits by which a critic of literature can arrive at a judgment in which he is entitled to be confident.

The student—the reader—in paying close attention arrives concurrently at a first-hand judgment too, and whatever its resemblances to Leavis' it really is his, not something on which he must thenceforth quote Leavis.

This highly communal process was always subject to disruption if Leavis thought that someone thought he was dogmatizing. He would then, with a noticeable stiffening of manner, commence to dogmatize, turning into the self-parody Marvin Mudrick has called "the sayer of the last stone word."

"Mr. Richard Wolheim, for example, who is a sociologist, I believe . . ."—that glaciating politeness which is Leavis' way with the stark uncomprehender (I quote it from a book he published six years ago) comports with a shrillness into which his strictly critical writing would also contract when he sensed that no one of accredited status,

*"A clubbable man" was what Dr. Johnson said of Boswell's suitability for the Club.

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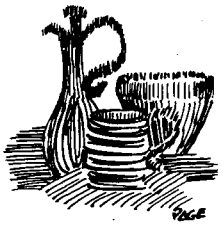
no Lord Snow, no *New Statesman* editor, had been understanding a word. Hence, the second Leavis that young academic sparks make a game of mocking.

IF *The Living Principle*, in some ways his most ambitious book, isn't also his best, that's because of this unlucky interaction between the polemicist in him and the critic. A third of it is straightforward polemic, and it wastes no ammunition on the Snows, the Wolheims, the weekly reviewers, and all the Masters of all the Mugwump Colleges. He has identified his real enemy, the intelligent and influential person—linguistician, social scientist, philosopher—who supposes that "discursive commonsense use of language *is* the language of thought."



Then any other use of language (as in "Prufrock," or *The Prelude*) becomes less than thoughtful because it is "emotive," and whoever talks of quality and standards—of Blake's inherent superiority to Bob Dylan—is engaged in elitist manipulation. Then from literary discussion you get nothing better than opinions (pick the ones you like), and if you really want to *know* about "meaning" and "reality" you ask a philosopher: an expositor of Wittgenstein's or, best of all, a polymath like Bertrand Russell.

And from this expert you will come back confirmed in the familiar commonsense knowingness that attributes to everything that matters an existence "out there": the cats and dogs to which language refers, and the labels by which it refers to them, and finally the interesting multicolored artifacts that collage can confect of these labels, and that get studied in "English Departments."

No, "out there" isn't where language is, nor are values "out there" the way a yardstick is. "Where *is* the English language?" Dr. Leavis asks. "You can't point to it, and the perusal of a linguistician's treatise will do nothing to help you toward an answer to such questions."

Nor is it within us; the within is private, language social. Leavis talks of a "Third Realm," neither "in" nor "out," where language exists in the co-presence of countless speakers, and where works of literature exist too: exist not as marks on paper, but as we create them in reading. For philosophic help he recommends Michael Polanyi's *Knowing and Being* and Marjorie Grene's *The Knower and the Known*. In the rest of *The Living Principle* he undertakes to demonstrate that the study of imaginative literature *is* "a discipline of Thought," and that poems and novels as we scrupulously, collectively recreate them in the reading can be thought of the highest order.

Some eighty pages in the middle of the book point out the rudiments of what "reading" means. He wrote them upward of thirty years ago (and published the gist in *Scrutiny*, Vol. XIII), parts of a book that never got written and that this book explicitly isn't. They remain the best parts of this book, having been written with that full dedication of his powers to literary response that is the characteristic of Leavis' greatness.

But 110 pages on *Four Quartets*, which ought to have orchestrated the demonstration, instead ossify: perhaps because too much must depend on them, too many necessary qualifications now require too much insistence, which grows dogmatic, as Leavis tends to when he feels under pressure. So we hear, to take a small indication, of Eliot's "American blindness to the nature of languages"—aligning Eliotic disabilities with Leavis' fear, elsewhere, of the American menace ("the disease"), and his scorn for "famed and flattered American critics."

This is dogmatizing at its worst. What's uncongenial, for Leavis, in American mental habits deserves more attention than this contemptuous brush-off, so incompatible with the civility of his *Lectures in America* (1969) or with his generous and grateful regard for Marjorie Grene's sense of language. As if to protect remarks he senses are untenable, he nowhere apprises his reader that Professor Grene was born in Milwaukee, educated at American schools and universities, is now at the University of California (Davis), and at the time of *The Knower and the Known* was teaching in—of all places—Austin, Texas. Nor that a passage in "The Dry Salvages" at which he now huffs as "uninspired Eliot" figured in an earlier account (1948) as "admirably and characteristically dry."

Silently suppressing little inconveniences, reordering what is after all his own mental terrain with a commissar's manipulative coldness, Leavis in parts of this book resembles what the ungrateful have made of him, the angry Calvinist of caricature. Elsewhere the great Leavis is co-present, to be read and admired for what he alone can show us so adequately. It is on the whole remarkable that any of the latter at all has survived so many long lonely battles. □

Romantic Revolutionary, A Biography of John Reed
By Robert A. Rosenstone
Knopf, 430 pp., illus., $15

REQUIEM FOR A FEATHERWEIGHT

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Columnist George Will is fond of recalling how, on the eve of his departure for college, his father made him promise only one thing—that under no conditions would he ever beome a cheerleader. Like the senior Will, I too have always felt a particular aversion to cheerleaders (the males of the species, that is). Straddling the sidelines, convulsing, and declaiming shallow but contagious chants, they are neither an honest part of the game nor the audience. They may risk being spattered by a little mud; they may even catch cold if the weather is bad. But, though they thrill to the crunch of broken bones and the rising drama of the struggle, they never really serve on the firing line.

If it accomplishes nothing else, Robert A. Rosenstone's generally well-written but periodically purplish new biography of John Reed shows us that the cheerleader mentality has perhaps an even greater affinity for revolution than for college sports. Surely you remember John Reed, the legendary young American journalist whose *Ten Days That Shook the World* did such an effective job of glamorizing the Bolshevik *coup d'état* in St. Petersburg? He was the fair-haired lad of the old American hard Left, a cult figure seeming to combine all of the forced machismo of a Hemingway hero with a pure, burning zeal for Marxist revolution. Free-loving and high-living, Reed passed himself off as a kind of play-

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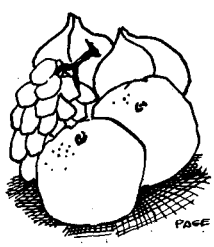
boy Robin Hood to a generation of drab, highly gullible young radicals, most of whom were afflicted with severe Walter Mitty syndromes.

The Reed legend began, as his classmate Walter Lippmann would later describe with perhaps unconscious irony, when young Jack proved himself Harvard's "most inspired song and cheerleader . . . At first there was nothing to recommend him but his cheek. That was supreme. He would stand up alone before a few thousand undergraduates and demonstrate without a quiver of self-consciousness just how a cheer should be given. If he didn't like the way his instructions were followed he cursed at the crowd, he bullied it, sneered at it . . ."

OLD HABITS die hard. Poor Reed never really ceased being a swaggering, egotistical cheerleader, actually convinced that he, not the players, was the center of the game. Reed's dashing, colorful, and often fictionalized accounts of Pancho Villa and his revolutionary marauders, reported (and embroidered) on location in Mexico, won him overnight journalistic stardom while still in his twenties.

Returning home, he became an enthusiastic supporter of the Wobblies, attracted as much by their rugged, violent style as by their political philosophy. For Reed, rebels and dynamiters were always much more interesting people than conventional old fudges like Samuel Gompers, who had the gall to succeed in persuading American workers that their interests lay in sharing the abundance of capitalism rather than in gutting the establishment.



It was during this period that he took into his head the unfortunate notion that he was a poet. Mr. Rosenstone, who must have a sadistic streak, quotes reams of Reedy poetic effusions throughout the book. Generally speaking, the love poetry is mechanical and the sociopolitical verse is passionate. Reed's commitment to the struggling mass of unskilled workers also had its limits. His two most notable contributions were a few highly publicized days in jail in Paterson, New Jersey, during the silk strike (when the strain of sharing proletarian hardships became too great, he had himself sprung by a good lawyer), and his masterminding of the "Paterson Pageant," a radical chic extravaganza staged in Madison Square Garden. Like Reed's politics, the pageant's costs ran into the red, raising nothing to improve the plight of the suffering strikers, who capitulated to management some weeks later while Reed was enjoying a European vacation as the guest of his wealthy paramour, Mabel Dodge.

It took the Russian Revolution to get young Jack back on his feet and his feed. After failing as a World War I combat correspondent, he stumbled onto the story of a lifetime and proceeded to propagandize for the Bolsheviks in a fashion equally shameless and sincere. All of the guileless enthusiasm of a naive, exuberant extrovert with a knack for colorful writing was placed at the disposal of what has proven to be the coldest, most inhuman political movement in history. Acquitted of charges of fomenting revolution in post-war America, Reed nevertheless continued to denounce what he considered to be savage repression in his homeland. This did not stop him from returning to Russia and applauding the bloody rampages of the Cheka, noting with satisfaction "seven months ago, 6,000 men shot . . . This is war." Luckily for Reed, he was carried off by typhus before the advent of Stalin, who had little use for flamboyant, unpredictable types. Yet one suspects that, had he lived, Jack Reed would have apologized for the regime all the way to the wall. He had invested all of his ego and all of his prestige in it and had long since demonstrated that, while a personally warm and pleasant man, he was morally blind to the vices of any cause he took up. His whole life was spent searching for a personal sense of manhood, haunted from early childhood by the nagging fear—which he more than once confided in his correspondence—that he was, at heart, a coward. Accompanying this was a desire for ever more jolting emotional highs. And, in Bolshevism, he found the strongest jolt of all.

Reed was burnt-out when he died at 33—a ripe old age for someone who had never really grown up. Unfortunately, Mr. Rosenstone tries to glamorize his subject almost as much as Reed himself did. For example, though the illustrations show us a big-eared, button-nosed, pop-eyed lout with a jaw and forehead reminiscent of Titus Oates, he is repeatedly described as dashingly handsome. As for psychological insights, we are treated to the most ill-founded speculations, e.g., Reed's naming of a monster in a boyhood tale the "Hormuz." "Much might be made of the implications of this monster," Mr. Rosenstone solemnly declares. "Reed's pet name for his mother . . . was always 'Muz.' The coupling of this with the sound 'Hor' and the activity of eating little children may be psychologically significant." Maybe, except that young Reed was an avid reader of Arabian Nights adventures and "Hormuz" happens to be the name of an ancient port city on the Arabian Sea. So much for Freud.

WITH ALL its blemishes, however, Mr. Rosenstone's book is written with verve and makes for entertaining reading. It is the lively if unwarranted celebration of an ethical and intellectual featherweight who fluttered through some fascinating chapters of history, and whose gift for shallow but exciting writing helped sell several generations of Western intellectuals a very sorry bill of goods about the Russian Revolution and the bright new age it was supposed to usher in. □

The Power Lovers
By Myra MacPherson
Putnam, 446 pp., $10

TEASING ABOUT WENCHING

ANNE CRUTCHER

Myra MacPherson, a *Washington Post* stalwart of impeccable McGovernite, anti-war, Nixon-hating credentials, is, alas, a tease. Her book, subtitled *An Intimate Look at Politicians and Their Marriages*, seems to promise middlebrow gullibles some deep thoughts on what power does to intimate human relationships. At the same time, the book seems to be dangling before cynics of all brow elevations the prospect of some new stories about swinging on the Hill. Promises, promises.

Disappointments await both categories of possible reader. MacPherson is no Jack Anderson, and she doesn't

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deliver with the psycho-sociology, either.

Clearly, she is going to stay on in the newspaper business, and she can't afford to alienate her sources. She doesn't name names, except in unevaluative retellings of anecdotes long in the public domain. And her insights into the psychology of power run to such under-the-dryer profundities as the notion that you have to have a big ego to go into politics, or that some wives resent having their husbands out making speeches every night while they're home putting the kids to bed.

Discussing divorces, separations, campaign-trail groupies, congresswomen's husbands, the congressional wives who campaign and the congressional wives who roll bandages, MacPherson is often up against New Morality dilemmas. Part of her wants to say a lawmaker's wenching and drinking are his own business so long as he votes right. On the other hand, if he's a macho chauvinist user of sex objects, that might be something the voter should look into; such a person might be equally uncaring about what the rich do to the poor. After all, if we don't scrutinize character in public figures, there could even be another Nixon.

FEMINIST concern for what men get away with makes her sympathetic to middle-aged wives thrown over for young beauties. Yet the liberated woman's not always very well concealed scorn for the mere domestic helpmate makes her betray a feeling that a lot of the ousted wives had it coming to them for being so dull. Although she doesn't really like snippy, nouveau-artistic Marion Javits, either.

The women she does like are a happy few political wives, such as Carrie Lee Nelson, who are Their Own Persons, independent and full of integrity with or without careers. You can tell which ones they are by the frequency with which they say "b---s--t."

Meanwhile, Myra MacPherson won't tell you much about the interesting couples or questions. What about the Sam Ervins? The Rockefellers? The Adlai Stevensons?

Since she doesn't limit herself to incumbents—we're reminded that Thomas Jefferson was probably up to something with Sally Hemings—she might have given us a case study of the Neubergers. And she might have offered some interpretation along with the familiar tales—there are a discreet few—about Mattress Jack and his mattressy brothers.

As for the Lyndon Johnsons, where affection, sensuality, and political interaction were combined in such paradoxical and extraordinary ways, all we get is, "Friends marveled at the closeness Lyndon and Lady Bird seemed to have for each other throughout so many years of a consummately public, pressured, and openly 'flaunting' marriage."

Yes, indeed, the sexual dimensions of the political personality and the Washington power scene should make for a great book. Somebody ought to write it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

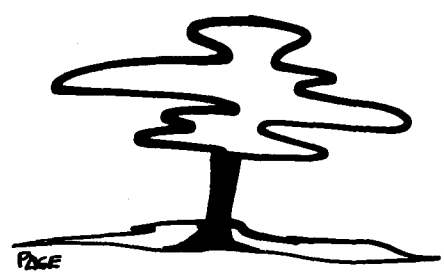
HUSTLING ON GORKY STREET: *Sex and Crime in Russia Today, by Yuri Brokhin (Dial, 203 pp., $7.95).* Brokhin's book combines elements of the Gorky/Babel/Ilf & Petrov genre—the "lovable Russian rogue"—and the idiocies of *Playboy*. All sorts of apolitical nonconformists march (slink?) through these pages: currency speculators, pickpockets, black marketeers, swindlers, prostitutes. Some are amusing, some simply depressing, and taken together they make for a mix alternating between humor and boredom. This book is ostensibly nonfiction: and indeed, as those who have spent any amount of time in Moscow or Leningrad know, Soviet socialism *has* gotten the widely ramified underworld it deserves. But some of it smacks of staging, like the verbatim dialogue with an "unhappy Moscow hooker," as silly as it is tasteless. So, what we have is a book by a Soviet émigré, something of an "operator" back home, aimed at an American audience which was unaware that an underworld exists in the USSR (presumably it *did* know that sex survived under Communism). It may attract quite an audience, but it carries the risk of overkill: one can wink at the swindlers who bilk *other* swindlers of their ill-gotten gains, but Brokhin shows no more sympathy for the honest victims of his jolly subway pickpockets and their hard-earned, vanished rubles.

WALTER D. CONNOR

HOW THEY RIG OUR ELECTIONS, *by Douglas Caddy (Arlington House, 280 pp., $8.95).* Political reform, lamented the late Richard Hofstadter, is inevitably frustrated by those who were clever enough to subvert the original system. The recent election reform law enacted by Congress represents a variation upon this theme—the subversion was an inside job. Such is the thesis of Mr. Caddy, whose scrapbook account explains how the amended Federal Election Campaign Act will: diminish citizen participation in the elective process; insulate incumbents against serious challenge, by limiting expenditures; give labor unions an inordinate influence in order to achieve a "veto-proof" Congress; and effectively eliminate third parties. Ironically, this legislative power play, so subtle in implication and so lethal in effect, surfaced in the wake of Watergate as a panacea to purify politics. Featured is the determined, albeit unsuccessful, opposition of Senators Allen, Buckley, and Fannin. Their eloquence is neatly juxtaposed with Senator Kennedy's syrupy rhetoric about moneychangers and temples. Regrettably, only the Supreme Court can now excise this "reform," which is assuredly unconstitutional unless the elastic clause supersedes the First Amendment. Senator Buckley, Eugene McCarthy, and seven other plaintiffs intend to test that in court. Their case is outlined in this book.

ALAN L. MILLER

DAILY LIFE IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND, *by Christopher Hibbert (American Heritage, 128 pp., $8.95 till January 1, then $10).* Christopher Hibbert divides the residents of Victoria's England (it was hers from 1837 to 1901) into two groups: the silly and the oppressed. He quotes an American visitor's description of the dinner conversation of one of the former, a country



gentleman: "He enlarges upon the villainy of poachers, upon the ingratitude of poachers, tells anecdotes about poachers, until you grow so nervous you expect to see a poacher start up and seize the bird upon your plate." If a modern secretary thinks there is sexism in the office, she should consider, at the other end of society, women who worked underground in mines, where they were subject to the men's frequent sexual assaults. (An 1842 reform law prohibited women and children from underground work.) The only individual allowed to rise above Hibbert's two categories is Sir Osbert Sitwell's brother, who, at the age of four, "made a habit of going up to strangers in the street, saying to them, 'My Mummy and Daddy would be delighted if you would lunch with them tomorrow'—an invitation that his father [as a politician] felt obliged to honor." The book has many illustrations, some in color, or colour.

WHIT STILLMAN

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MAYER

(Continued from page 1472)

er than on the ultimate lenders, those who deposit money in banks. If financial intermediaries are constrained in the types of loans they make, their profitability is reduced, and their interest payments to the ultimate lenders decline. This gives the ultimate lenders an incentive to avoid the financial intermediary. They can do this by reducing the loans they make indirectly through the financial intermediaries, and by making loans directly to the ultimate borrowers. Then, too, new financial intermediaries can develop (e.g., money market funds), which are not constrained by credit allocations. If some intermediaries, like banks, are controlled, and others are not, these others will expand at the expense of banks, and new ones will develop.

A third factor weakening the effect of credit allocations is that money is fungible. A borrower can borrow funds for one purpose and yet, in effect, finance quite a different activity with the monies obtained. This could be the result of outright evasion, but it need not be. For example, if the interest rate on mortgage loans is kept low by credit allocations, a borrower has an incentive to take out a mortgage loan, rather than, say, a business loan, and then use his own funds which are freed by the mortgage loan to make a business investment. After a transition period, during which the economy learns to cope with a credit allocations system, there would be little effect on the types of investment actually made.

It should not be assumed that because in the long run credit allocations do no good, neither do they do any harm. Credit allocations have several serious costs and disadvantages. One, obviously, is the cost of enforcement and compliance. Another is that intermediaries subject to credit allocations are placed at a competitive disadvantage in bidding for funds, and tend to contract, at least relatively. Yet a third is the cost of creating new unregulated institutions, and the cost of learning how to manage them and familiarize customers with them. A fourth disadvantage is that financial intermediaries become fewer as ultimate lenders seek to escape credit allocations by making direct loans. Making direct loans is less efficient than using financial intermediaries; otherwise, lenders would have made direct loans in the first place. Finally, as new institutions develop the economy may become less stable, giving the Federal Reserve an incentive to regulate them too. This means that some of the intellectual energy of the Fed, which should be directed toward making monetary policy as effective as possible, is directed instead toward a new and never-ending regulatory task. The net of controls spreads further and further over the economy, and diminishes economic freedom. □

THEODORACOPULOS

(Continued from page 1477)

stroy it—especially since the Soviet Union wanted some compensation for the loss of Egypt.

In the Soviet camp are Syria, Iraq, Libya, and the Palestinians. Facing this formidable coalition is a rather effete group of Christian Lebanese—and the United States, Egypt, and Israel. The civil war is the extension of the diplomacy of the two warring camps. But there is a great inequality. The Soviet camp uses the well-trained, superbly equipped, and experienced Palestinian legions. The Christian camp has only the paramilitary organizations, such as the Phalangists, to defend its interests.

Russia and Syria hold the key to war or peace: Russia through its hold on the powerful Lebanese Communist Party, and Syria through its Palestinian militia, the Saika. These are the two most important left-wing Moslem forces engaged in the war. Through these forces Russia is countering Kissinger's success in luring Egypt away from its Soviet alliance. And Syria is telling the West that it had better accept the PLO, or else. The present lull in the fighting is pure smokescreen: if things don't go well for the Soviet-Syrian camp in the Golan or in Egypt, the first piece of real estate they will try to grab is Lebanon.

In the meantime, what is the democratic side doing? The Christian camp in Lebanon is often identified as the upper class defending its privilege. But the truth is that the Right in Lebanon is the lower-middle-class Christians who are imbued with a thousand years

(Continues on page 1493)

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THEODORACOPULOS

(Continued from page 1491)

of suspicion of the Moslems. However, when Lebanon became a state a little more than fifty years ago, its constitution stipulated that a Christian president was to rule with a Moslem Prime Minister. Another clause guarantees the army religious freedom. But Lebanese politicians have changed alliances and traded friends as often as a money-changer in the Beirut market.

Both the Right and the Left have suffered from self-serving politicians. The most prominent spokesman of the Left is Kamal Junblatt, ruler of the Druze community, a proclaimed socialist but in reality a front for the Communists, who have promised him support in his presidential quest. Premier Karami also has a popular following and has been soft on the Communists and Palestinians. And there are many splinter-group leaders, all nursing political ambitions.

On the Right the most prominent leader is Pierre Jmayyil, whose 15,000-strong Phalange bore the brunt of the fighting last month. Ex-president Camille Chamoun and President Frangie also have militias of their own.

Jmayyil, Karami, Chamoun, and Junblatt have joined in a government of "national dialogue" since the crisis began last spring. But nothing has come of this coalition for national salvation because of Karami's and Junblatt's lack of even-handedness. They allowed leftist Moslem forces to arm themselves to the teeth, to humiliate the army by their defiance, and to create a state within a state. But when the Right too began to ignore authority and arm itself, Karami threatened to fire army commanders and charged the army with disobedience.

Nevertheless, the army remains the only viable alternative to Palestinian rule in Lebanon. It is the only institution that could stand up to the Arafat legions and stop the dismemberment of Lebanon or the creation of a Palestinian state on its land. But to do that it needs help, from both the United States and the nationalist element in Lebanon—which is plagued by internal fighting.

As unfortunate as it may sound, the only hope for Lebanon's survival lies in an army coup that will exile the politicians, unite the army, neutralize the Palestinian "guests," and, presumably with the help of the U.S., keep Israel and Syria off Lebanese territory. □

BERENSON

(Continued from page 1484)

can and Russian, who selected this show wisely realized that today's official Soviet art, which adheres to the doctrine of socialist realism and bears a more than coincidental resemblance to what was produced in Germany under Hitler, would not appeal to Americans. Of course, it was out of the question for them to send works by the so-called "dissidents" who stubbornly refuse to paint in the approved manner. It is ironic that even as the lines were forming in front of Knoedler's, Moscow's "cultural" experts were removing some 41 works by 22 painters from the exhibition that "unofficial" artists had been allowed to mount in Moscow's Palace of Culture. Unlike last year, when the same artists organized an outdoor art show that the police broke up with bulldozers and water-spray trucks, there was no violence, a moderation perhaps attributable to the spirit of Helsinki.

Even though there are strong political reasons for boycotting this show, I hope art lovers will see it. Not only are there European masterpieces which ordinarily can be viewed only under the benevolent aegis of Intourist, but among the pictures by Russian artists are some exciting discoveries. Arkhip Kuïni's *Evening in the Ukraine*, with trees whose forms are simplified into flat curved shapes that contrast with cube-like peasant huts, the whole suffused with a romantic pink sunset light, a kind of Slavic *Alpenglühn*; Aleksandr Ivanov's astonishing *Water and Rocks near Palazzuola*, painted in the 1850s, a close-up in brilliant blues, greens, turquoise, and terracotta, the paint laid on as roughly as Courbet or even Monet might have done; Leon Bakst's striking portrait of the young Diaghilev and his nurse, painted in 1906 when the two were spearheading the modern art movement in Russia but before either had achieved theatrical fame by bringing the *Ballets Russes* to the West. These men in their time were as avant-garde as today's dissidents, and perhaps more gifted. Looking at Konstantin Simon's pensive, almost tragic portrait of *Anna Petrovna Ostroumanova*, which seems to evoke the quiet desperation of Chekhov's heroines, one cannot help reflecting on the strange irony of such an artist, who surely would be forbidden to exhibit in today's Soviet Union, being used by its dictators as a goodwill emissary to this country. □

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Enter Reagan

On The Right

Miami, November 21—The questioning of Ronald Reagan at the press conference had a clear-cut theme. Is Reagan an extremist? The question was put to him indirectly several times, directly only once, when he was asked: Mr. Reagan, aren't you out of the mainstream of American life, and do you think the people want an extremist for President?

Reagan's answer was highly disarming, though incomplete. He said: Look, I was governor of the state of California for eight years. My record as governor has been thoroughly explored. Pray, tell me what extremity I committed during those years?

I say it was incomplete because it left unacknowledged the difference between the powers of the President and those of the governor. George Wallace is with fairly good reason thought of as an extremist, and when he attempted a dozen years ago physically to intervene in an attempt by a black student to matriculate in the University of Alabama, he committed an "extreme act." But he has been governor, with the circumspect exemption of a few years when he made his wife governor, practically ever since then, and has not committed another "extreme act."

It was perhaps the single flaw in the masterly performance of Reagan that he failed to point out that the American people are dissatisfied with the performance of mainstream politics. Under mainstream politics, just to present an example, nobody really does anything about the increasing obnoxiousness of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and its manifold interferences in private arrangements. Under mainstream politics, nobody gets around to doing anything about the busing system despised alike by its victims, and by such theorists of racial integration as Coretta King. Under mainstream politics taxation rises, services diminish, crime increases, we lose a war, get outwitted in detente, and devalue the dollar. What is proposed for the next four years, Reagan said with no fear that he would be disputed, is more of the same: more of the "buddy system" in Washington, of "big business and big labor and big bureaucracy." The American people, he correctly supposes, want unmistakable changes in what has been going on. Whether the Democratic opposition or the gentlemen of the media will succeed in branding such proposed departures as a call for "extremism" is a question of technique, not of substance. But they are going to have a very hard time dealing with Ronald Reagan. He is too well-informed, and too nimble on his feet, to fall easily into the ambushes they are so lovingly preparing for him.

He handled the first of these with dispatch. About New York, he said he did not have concrete positions to advance, and stuck to this line through hard questioning. Because, he said, he does not possess all the facts. Just when it appeared that he would confess to ignorance on the matter concerning which no one running for office is entitled to plead ignorance, he said that after all New York City was charging $1,446 for municipal services rendered to every man and woman and child, where the national figure was $670. The simple statistic had the effect of a tactical nuclear weapon.

JUST AS he was accused of being evasive in the matter of the Pentagon —what Reagan said was that he could not begin to estimate the size of the appropriate budget for the Pentagon without access to information available only to the President, the Pentagon, and Jack Anderson—he was suddenly asked what his position was on the two bills the President would soon face, namely the energy bill and the common situs bill, to which question he answered swiftly, "I think he should veto both of them," giving the reasons why. The press pleaded with him to criticize the President directly, and he counteracted simply, but effectively, with his well-known 11th Commandment against speaking ill of any Republican. I think that position politically effective because people tend to understand the protocol built around the concept of deep loyalty. There are those of us who find it excessively difficult to criticize a position without associating it with its sponsor. But then there are those of us who are not successful in politics.

All in all it was an exhilarating performance, and the pride of American conservatives lifts in response to so graceful an advocate. Now, now they know why Mr. Ford, for so many months, has been so concerned about the prospect of facing Ronald Reagan. □

CARPET BOMBING

New York, Dec. 5 —What *is* going on in the matter of Chile? If one reads the cosmopolitan press and views the televised media, one would think Chile the ganglion of all social and political evils of our generation. Now there is a great deal going on in Chile that is unpleasant, and there are some things going on in Chile that are outrageous. But the fixed stare in the direction of Chile, given the circumstances of its recent history, can only be compared with the outrage that swept the manipulable world when Franco executed five murderers a couple of months ago. The perspective is provided by scanning the sponsors of a resolution carried through the United Nations General Assembly excoriating Chile for its denial of human rights. These sponsors included Algeria, Bulgaria, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. There isn't an Algerian, Bulgarian, Cuban, Czechoslovak, or Pole who would not consider as idyllic, in comparison with his own, the life of a typical Chilean.

We voted for that resolution, but with a gesture of reluctance that becomes a great power singling out for alarm a williwaw in a little power while ignoring the typhoons in the big and sassy parts of the world, most conspicuously the Communist states. Ambassador Moynihan, in his electric motion calling for worldwide amnesty for political prisoners, delivered a brilliant speech singling out the important distinctions. He quoted Stephen Spender, who went to Spain during the civil war to act out his conscience in protest

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against Franco—only to discover, as George Orwell did (and, eventually, Arthur Koestler), that the other side was at least equally guilty of atrocities. "It came to me," Moynihan quoted Spender at the UN, "that unless I cared about every murdered child indiscriminately, I didn't really care about children being murdered at all." Thus Moynihan, quite properly, deplores the suppression of peaceable political dissent everywhere—and asks his colleagues to meditate on one or two anomalies that don't receive much attention at the UN.

He pointed out that 23 of the cosponsors of the usual anti-South African resolution of the Assembly have political prisoners of their own, and of course the figure for Chile is comparable. He went on to say that there are in South Africa—which shares the general obloquy along with Chile—about one hundred political prisoners, so far as we know. And how do we know? Because there is a vigorous opposition press in South Africa. He quoted from a recent editorial in the *Cape Times*, one sentence of which read: "Mr. Vorster should abolish the iniquitous terrorism act if he wants to deal effectively with the U.S. charge." He then quoted from the *Monthly Bulletin* of the impeccable International Press Institute, whose African director recently wrote: "The unpalatable fact is—and this is something that sticks in the throat of every self-respecting African who will face it—that there is more press freedom in South Africa than in the rest of Africa put together."

THE PRESS is not that free in Chile, but it is freer than in most of the countries that have criticized Chile, Mr. Moynihan progressed. How do we know what is going on inside these countries? Much has been made of General Pinochet's refusal to permit a UN "working" committee investigating human rights to enter Chile. "This is true," Mr. Moynihan said. "But it is only part of the truth. The whole truth would include the fact that Amnesty International and the International Red Cross *were* permitted to visit Chile. Moreover, if the visit of the Working Group had gone through, it would have been *the first time in history* that any government had permitted such a visit." Mr. Moynihan quoted from the editor of *The Economist*'s Foreign Report, Robert Moss: "If the military regime in Chile, following the example of all self-respecting Communist revolutionaries, had flatly decided to shut out all foreign reporters and civil rights investigators for a period of, say, six months after the coup, our diet of horror stories from Chile would have been meager indeed."

"More and more," Mr. Moynihan said, "the United Nations seems only to know of violations of human rights in countries where it is still possible to protest such violations." Causing one to ponder the question, yet again: what is it that accounts for the extraordinary success of the organized Left in training the attention of the world on the Chiles of the world—while ignoring the Cubas. More, in due course. □

THE BRITISH DISSENT

New York, Nov. 27—Mr. Ivor Richard, QC, is nowadays the toast of the pusillanimous set, within the State Department and outside it, for his oh-so-worldly denunciation of the recent activity of his American counterpart in the United Nations, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Mr. Richard is the ambassador from Great Britain, and he is lecturing us now on how to behave in the UN, his special credentials being England's foreign policy during the century that bred two wars, the Versailles Peace Treaty, and approximately as many dictatorships as there are former British colonies—with the exception of Rhodesia, which Mr. Richard's superiors regularly denounce in accents that would embarrass even Mr. Moynihan.

What is it that upsets Mr. Richard? Well, it is the zeal with which Mr. Moynihan has lately denounced the policies of General Amin, and the Zionist Resolution of the General Assembly. Don't you understand, Mr. Richard said in his speech to the board of directors of the United Nations Association of the U.S.A., that in fact the vaunted Arab-African majority is actually "breaking down"? That is the good news, but five minutes later Mr. Richard asked his listeners to "remember" that the new and weak countries feel "a desire for unity" because—presumably like the Arab countries—they are so poor and weak.

What really causes Mr. Richard to despair—so much so that he quotes *King Lear*, and invokes the memory of Savonarola—is Mr. Moynihan's reaction to the UN vote on "purely ideological and emotional issues." You wouldn't catch Ivor Richard doing any such thing. "*I* do not see it [the UN] as a forum in which to argue my own particular brand of political theology." "Certainly," he went on, it is not geared as a "confrontational arena in which to 'take on' those countries whose political systems and ideology are different from mine . . . whatever else the place is, it is not the OK Corral and I am hardly Wyatt Earp."

I do not think that anyone would confuse Ivor Richard, QC, with Wyatt Earp. But I do think English ambassadors to the United Nations should thumb through the charter and the conventions of that body before coming to New York—though, to be sure, to read about the ideals of the United Nations is not the best preparation for tolerating it. You see, the point of Mr. Moynihan's recent statements isn't that all countries should embrace any particular brand of political theology. If Mr. Ivor Richard were to stand up in the General Assembly and demand that everyone in the room sing "God Save the Queen," he would make himself even more absurd than he has now done. But Mr. Moynihan is not asking the UN to accept the hegemony of American ideals. He is asking the UN to accept the UN's ideals. Mr. Richard made great sport of our alleged failure at the UN to abide by the vote of the majority, and of our criticisms of the UN as an institution—"you surely do not attack Parliament itself." But Moynihan is precisely defending the institution against the brazen corruption of it by the incumbent delegates. There must be as many anti-racist manifestos in the United Nations as there are saints' days in Costa Rica. Along comes a character from Uganda who practices racism with systematic zeal, and begins to attack other nations, including our own. And a few weeks later, by a substantial majority, the General Assembly pronounces Zionism to be a form of racism, an equation even the languid Mr. Richard knows to be invalid. Suppose the General Assembly had ordained that the square root of 25 is three: would Mr. Richard have been as tolerant?

As condescending? Because that, really, is what he is being. Moynihan is taking the United Nations seriously. That is to say, he is attaching importance to its pronouncements and activities. Only by doing so can he invest it with a sense of responsibility. Mr. Richard comes from that long line of English diplomatic wisemen who considered Hitler as "purely an ideological and emotional issue." He should realize that these days the United States is doing the lion's share of the work in keeping the Hitlers of this world at bay, and that under the circumstances we, uniquely, must from time to time, roar like a lion; and when we do, which is not very often, Poor Richard ought to write that down in his almanac, instead of sticking out his tongue at the teacher. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The Supreme Court can't stop us from dreaming about this holiday — 92 61 102 73 115 135 164 188 1 5 / 17 150 86 113

B. This triumvir wasn't the one with the tony — 98 104 124 7 87 47 15 34

C. NO PREMIER, MA — 106 58 137 153 52 62 177 39 3 42 / 57

D. A period of fasting inclosed by a spectacle —something to sing about — 146 9 156 64 2 77 93 107 122 126 / 129

E. Language that the Saviour read — 148 38 168 142 123 181

F. Another form of *Edom* — 151 101 49 31 117 96

G. What a priest needs to survive — 54 182 152 172 80 105

H. A fundamental Christian doctrine, belief in the: — 60 22 55 114 161 109 134

I. A king of Tyre — 12 45 29 190 26

J. Book from which the Saviour read — 71 159 111 184 169 28

K. The children of ——— were among the Nethinim who returned from Babylon with Zerubbabel — 82 187 46 68 170

L. What a screwball is called if he's rich — 88 154 10 149 112 144 69 23 16

M. He decreed that all the world should be taxed — 127 155 178 66 35 25 94 50

N. Town in Palo Alto County, Iowa — 162 99 56 85 116 145 185

O. All some football teams win — 4 48 53 63

P. County in Ireland with a horrible name — 165 70 119 27 40 171

Q. He put wheels under millions of pedestrians and equestrians — 59 136 97 36

R. Title of a New Testament sovereign or governor—rhymes with a famous poet — 103 139 191 118 32 121 65 175

S. Socialist Labor presidential nominee, 1952, '56, '60, and '64 — 130 13 72 24

T. Feeling — 192 140 91 125 74 176 173

U. Mounted, as a postage stamp — 21 76 100 89 18 180

V. Not revealed to others — 120 11 186 158 67 128

W. When the days of her purification according to the ——— were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem . . . — 44 133 174 179 166 138 157 183 131 8

X. A choral response sung at the beginning of a worship service — 51 189 81 19 141 78 163

Y. Represent — 132 79 95 33 20 84

Z. Shorten — 167 6 160 14 30 75 110 143 147 37

a. Periods of time — 41 43 83 90 108

(Only the title of the work is included in the initial letters of the words formed from the definitions.)

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1492 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 A	2 D		3 C	4 O	5 A		6 Z	7 B	8 W	9 D	10 L		11 V	12 I	13 S			
14 Z	15 B	16 L	17 A	18 U	19 X		20 Y	21 U	22 H	23 L	24 S	25 M	26 I	27 P	28 J		29 I			
30 Z	31 F	32 R	33 Y	34 B	35 M		36 Q	37 Z	38 E	39 C	40 P	41 a		42 C	43 a	44 W	45 I			
46 K	47 B	48 O	49 F	50 M		51 X	52 C		53 O	54 G	55 H	56 N	57 N		58 C	59 Q				
60 H	61 A	62 C		63 O	64 D	65 R	66 M	67 V	68 K	69 L		70 P	71 J	72 S	73 A	74 T	75 Z			
76 U	77 D	78 X	79 Y	80 G		81 X	82 K	83 a	84 Y		85 N	86 A	87 B	88 L		89 U	90 a			
91 T	92 A	93 D		94 M	95 Y		96 F	97 Q	98 B	99 N	100U	101F		102A	103R		104B			
105G	106C	107D	108a	109H	110Z	111J	112L	113A		114H	115A	116N	117F	118R		119P	120V			
121R	122D	123E	124B		125T	126D	127M	128V		129D	130S	131W		132Y	133W	134H				
135A	136Q	137C	138W	139R	140T	141X	142E	143Z	144L	145N	146D		147Z	148E	149L		150A			
151F	152G	153C	154L	155M	156D	157W	158V	159J		160Z	161H	162N	163X	164A		165P	166W			
	167Z		168E	169J	170K	171P		172G	173T		174W	175R	176T	177C		178M	179W			
180U		181D	182G	183W		184J	185N	186V	187K	188A	189X	190I	191R	192T						

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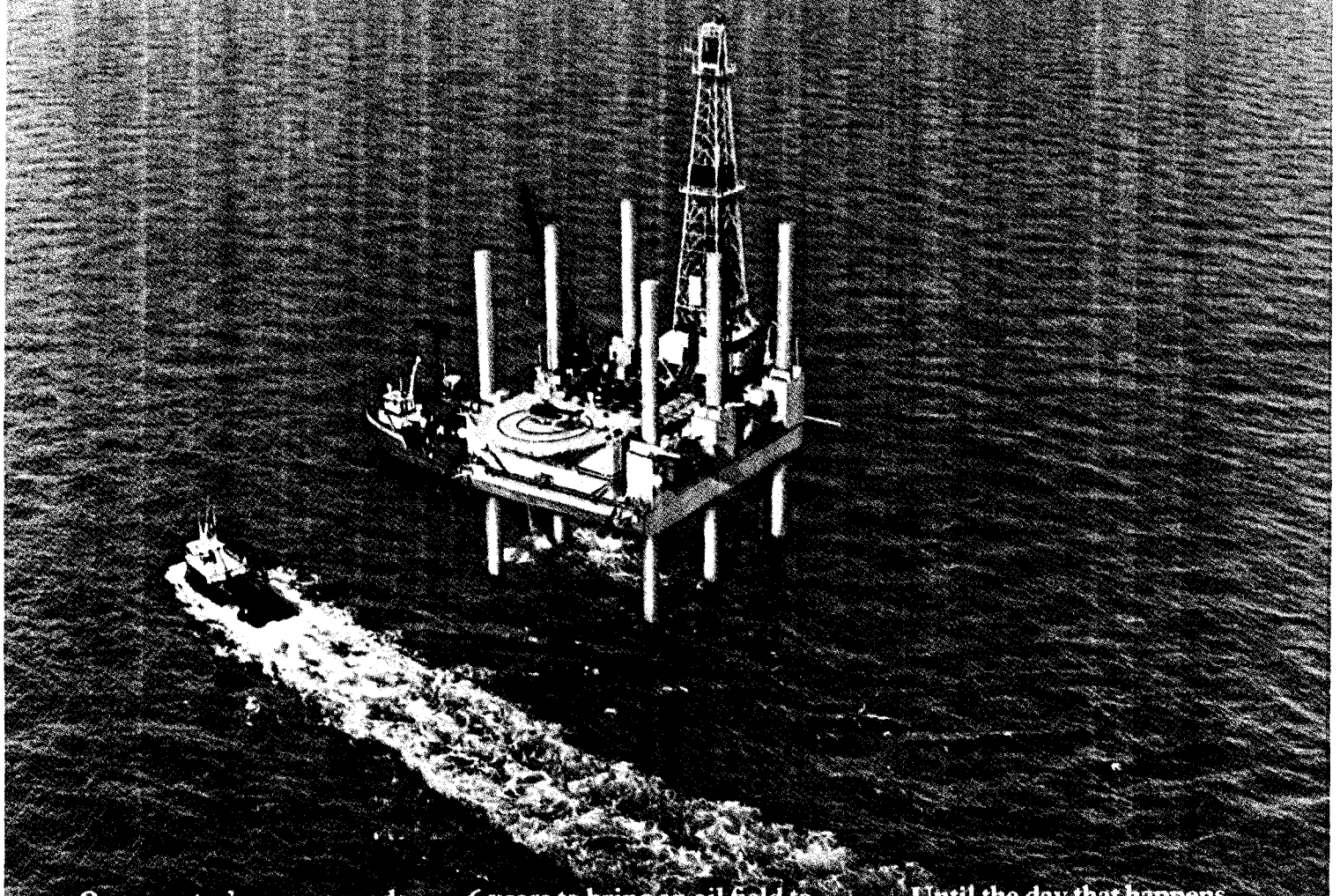

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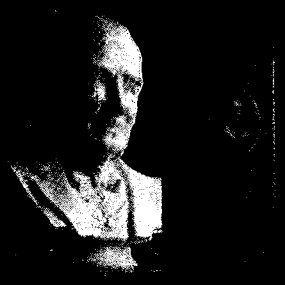

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